

ON THE ALERT—DR. GEORGE S. CHAPPELL AS HE APPEARED ON ENTERING THE ALIMENTARY CANAL

THROUGH THE ALIMENTARY CANAL WITH GUN AND CAMERA

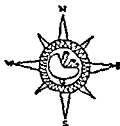
A FASCINATING TRIP TO THE INTERIOR

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED BY

GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

With an Introduction by

ROBERT BENCHLEY



Fully Illustrated by

O. SOGLOW

DOVER PUBLICATIONS, INC.

NEW YORK NEW YORK

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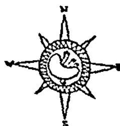
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This new edition is dedicated to the memory of

GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

(January 2, 1877 – November 25, 1946)
with the hope that it will bring pleasure and amusement to another generation of readers.

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Manufactured in the United States of America

Dover Publications, Inc
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New York 14, N Y.

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No point with one exception I can not accept Dr Chappell s generous tribute of priority which he makes to me in his foreword It is true that I d d some twenty years ago deliver a lecture at the Arnold Arboretum called Through the Alimentary Canal with Gun and Camera and it is also true although Dr Chappell does not mention it that I fell down almost immediately after beginning to talk. It was the tight shoes that did it

remember it now after giving the title of my lecture I abandoned the idea entirely and talked in the short time which was left to me before falling down about the Culture and Diseases of the Sweet Potato I know that that was what I had *intended* to talk about

Of course all of us at the Arboretum (or the Tummy as the student jargon of the day had it) were intensely interested at that particular time in the new discoveries of Halbgratz and Futter in

to rush off one Easter vacation and poke about in the Alimentary Canal Zone for ourselves But it was little more than a lark which we accomplished comparable to Dr Chappell s expedition only in that we were all headed south It has remained for Dr Chappell to be the real pioneer deserving of the great honor of having one of the largest infirmaries in the country named after him The George Chappell Pioneer (and sometimes Nose and Throat) Infirmary at 135th Street

May I take this opportunity to thank Mr Charles Macgregor who so generously assisted me in disarranging the manuscript sheets of the present volume so that Dr Chappell had to do some of them over again?

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INTRODUCTION

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No point, with one exception I can not accept Dr Chappell s generous tribute of priority which he makes to me in his foreword. It is true that I did, some twenty years ago, deliver a lecture at the Arnold Arboretum called "Through the Alimentary Canal with Gun and Camera" and it is also true, although Dr Chappell does not mention it, that I fell down almost immediately after beginning to talk. It was the tight shoes that did it.

But I was in no sense the pioneer that Dr Chappell would have you believe Mine was a mere suggestion of what Dr Chappell has so thoroughly and happily gone through with In fact, as I remember it now, after giving the title of my lecture, I abandoned the idea entirely and talked, in the short time which was left to me before falling down, about the Culture and Diseases of the Sweet Potato I know that that was what I had *intended* to talk about

Of course, all of us at the Arboretum (or the "Tummy," as the student jargon of the day had it) were intensely interested at that particular time in the new discoveries of Halbgratz and Futter in the region of the Alimentary Canal, and I will not deny that I was one of a party of three young chaps (A. E. Hosst, 1912 and Roger—something or other—1911, both now unhappily married and living in Dedham) to rush off one Easter vacation and poke about in the Alimentary Canal Zone for ourselves. But it was little more than a lark which we accomplished comparable to Dr Chappell s *expedition* only in that we were all headed south It has remained for Dr Chappell to be the real pioneer, deserving of the great honor of having one of the largest infirmaries in the country named after him *The George Chappell Pioneer* (and sometimes Nose and Throat) Infirmary at 135th Street.

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ROBERT BENCHLEY

It was some thirty odd years ago in the tree surgery operating *room of the Arnold Arboretum in Boston* that I heard the lecture by Dr Robert B Benchley from which with his gracious permission I have taken the title for this book Would that I might appropriate his entire discourse with all its brilliant imagery! The task of writing this volume would then be one of mere amplification rather than a painstaking reconstruction

Alas this is impossible for of the speaker s remarks no record remains Here indeed is one of the bitterest tragedies of educational history The lecture after its initial delivery was immediately suppressed by Faculty mandate

If it ever happens again said President Arnold to the lecturer you will be expelled from the Arboretum

Benchley told me afterward that he spat out the word expelled as if it had been a loathsome cracker crumb As a matter of fact he added a crumb of some sort came with it

And so Owd Bob as we affectionately called him on account of his silvery mane was demoted from the post of Special Lecturer on Animal and Vegetable Relations to the humble position of Assistant Anæsthetist in the Evergreen Department

Perhaps it is just as well or even better for Benchley was a man ahead of his time a condition from which he has recently recovered In the late nineties the halcyon days of beer and bicycles in spite of his gun metal finish and lackluster eye he was one of the *avant garde a fearless and untrammeled thinker In the pursuit of* his post graduate studies of Animal and Vegetable Relations on which he published four quartos and any number of pints he arrived at many odd and original conclusions

His treatise The Affinity of Dogs for Dogwood on the Basis of Natural Selection upset all previous theories on a subject *which unimportant in itself is still fraught with interest for those* who like that sort of thing He was one of the first if not the first to note that moss always *grows on the north side of an Englishman* a statement which at the time set British savants by the ears

In "Beards, their Rise and Fall, Use and Abuse," he pointed out that early in the seventeenth century the beard, *per se*, became intensely unpopular because of the forest fires then ravaging Central Europe

But it was not until he delivered the magnificent "Alimentary Canal" lecture that Benchley really crashed the Hall of Fame. Even the Boston *Transcript*, which seldom notices anything, gave it a word or two back among the shoe ads and murders in Lynn

"Dr Benchley," read the paragraph, "spoke with appalling frankness of physical organs and interior arrangements, mention of which has long been taboo in refined society The student body gave him a rousing reception and, in an impromptu celebration following the lecture, set off a bonfire which did irreparable damage to the fine slippery-elms back of the Administration Building"

How perfectly the *Transcript*, with its "appalling frankness," records the timid temper of the times! Many of us will recall the prudish attitude of the previous generation toward the most obvious bodily attributes and appendages As a matter of fact, the very existence of the body was subtly denied in every possible way This was especially true of the female form, which was upholstered into oblivion Even the intimacy of her nightdress disclosed no hint of ...

If this was true of the outward expression of the body, it was equally so the prevalent mental attitude toward it. Allusions to it were painfully veiled and shamefaced "Limbs" was the nearest permissible reference to legs a point acutely noted by Benchley in his "Animal and Vegetable Relations"

"So active was this concept of the leg as a limb," he says (p 72, par 3) "that in many instances it affected the composition of true, physical legs which, in the case of old people, became gnarled like apple-trees, developing bark, lichens and other parasites Knot holes occasionally appeared between the knee and hip joints, and a case of Japanese beetles or wood borers was reported from Walpole Mass"

Ankles might be discreetly mentioned if the allusion were complimentary and poetic; beyond that no well bred person could go The contemporary historian Beezis says, "If a young man gave the lady of his choice a pair of garters, it was the last he ever saw

of them Such items as knees thighs hams etc were clumsily lumped in the unalluring word lap while the backsides and other locations in the tropical zone were never mentioned except in quotations from Shakespeare and the Bible

This shy point of view undoubtedly set in motion the reaction resulting in the plethora of legs of high visibility which have done so much to ball up the traffic in recent years a phenomenon now passing in favor of the frank exhibition of the torso which is the privilege of current Junior Leaguers whether they be on the beach or in the ballroom But I am far from complaining Indeed we of the older generation are the gainers for surely ours is a greater thrill than is possible to one who has seen nothing but legs torsos and more so s all his life

So much for the old attitude toward the body as seen or guessed at *from the outside* But note and this is very important that Benchley s lecture went much deeper than that He was *never the man to stay outside of anything if he could possibly get in* For the first time in a public proclamation the lectures at the Arboretum were open to all who could be induced to attend them he went frankly into the interior He turned his subject inside out so to speak and draped his rostrum with personal plumbing

It was this that sent through the *Transcript* a horrified shud der that was transmitted by Boston s delicate nerve system to the sensitive ganglia of Back Bay finding its ultimate repercussions in tiny wavelets along the Charles River Basin To this day Boston more than any other city opposes *the recognition of realities* physical and moral

At the time of which I write it was tacitly recognized by the *public that the* various human façades when unveiled were marked by domes windows balconies terraces and the like and *that it was on the whole harmonious and pleasing in design* The Master Architect was frequently referred to little being said of the faults found by occupants of these frail tenements who com plained of leaks inferior materials inadequate ventilation and other errors of plans and specifications Our predecessors called the body the Human Form Divine *and let it go at that They were* far from admitting that it was inhabited by anything but what they called The Soul

And here speaking of the Soul we reach delicate metaphysical

ground upon which we will tread as lightly as may be The Soul, supposedly, was our individual share of immortality, our crumb of angel-cake or celestial rain-check, which we might treat badly but which we could never get rid of It became personified into a sort of sprite which peered out of its apartment at the material world. "She has such soulful eyes' was a common expression The eyes were' the windows of the Soul," and when the Soul took a look at something especially pleasing the windows were supposed to ' light up'

Modern science explains this lighting business as being due to natural causes, such as the appearance of a piece of French pastry, rather than to the stirring of our spiritual heritage Any woman's eyes since we are talking of women let us stick to them will light up if she sees the kind of emerald and-diamond bracelet she wants. In other words, it is gluttony, or avarice or plain cussedness that is peering out of the windows, though perhaps we should use the politer words, "appetite and "acquisitiveness '

Benchley, in his great lecture, gave no hint of ever having heard of the Soul He dealt entirely with the actual interior arrangements of our bodies. Passing fearlessly between the horrid, pendulant tonsils he rounded the treacherous Adam's apple, slipped down the dark gullet and emerged in the crimson ' Hall of the Stomach," where he looked about him and told us what he saw But here is where his tremendous genius saved what might well have been an unpleasant *situation* What he saw he saw not with the cold eye of the pure scientist, what he described he described not in the language of the anatomist or surgeon All was transformed by his vivid, lambent *imagination'*

About him were no repellent viscera or fearful, flapping organs, but magnificent mountains, plains, streams, gorges and bungalow sites, swept by ocean breezes It was a trip into the interior of Everyman's Land by a great explorer who may well be called "the Columbus of the Colon."

The memory of that lost lecture has long spurred me to attempt something of the kind. I have longed to take the torch from that mighty hand, now palsied and senescent, and carry it even further to throw its beams into the sinister windings and convolutions of our beings that up to now have been reached only by the eye of the X ray or the probing lancet of the surgeon

of them' *Such items as knees, thighs, hams, etc*, were clumsily lumped in the unalluring word "lap," while the backsides and other locations in the tropical zone were never mentioned except *in quotations from Shakespeare and the Bible*

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CONTENTS

For there is more, much more, to be done Inside and out, we should know ourselves better Far too long we have relied on the voodoo priesthood of our medicine men, with their rattling pill boxes, glittering weapons and cryptic incantations, expressed in a secret language that only their lay brothers, the drug mixers, can understand Who has not rebelled at the maddening cloak of mystery with which our medicos stifle our curiosity? When pressed for information they tell us, in words of one syllable, that we are not well, that it is probably our teeth, which will be benefited by a trip abroad smiling the while, like Roman augurs, as they bore holes in our one and only abdomen!

And yet are we entirely blameless? Have we eagerly sought? Have we insisted upon an answer? No! a thousand times, no! When we have felt the alternating waves of chills and fever chinning themselves on our collar buttons, have we even tried to look round and see what was happening? If we could find the temperature chart which the nurse, poor wretch, has hidden, would we know it from a stock market graph showing the new lows for 1930? When we hear interior grumblings, often publicly expressed, do we try to learn the causes of dissatisfaction? Not at all, we hush the matter up, try to pass it off lightly or, if we are cornered, point at our neighbor and cry, "It was he!"

The radio, the automobile, the airplane, the electric orange-squeezer, we speak of these with the utmost intimacy We discuss their parts, principles and performances But our attitude toward ourselves is still supinely and supremely ignorant Tied by tradition, bound by social convention, we wince at the thought of examining a chilblain under the microscope or of watching the kidneybeans sprout from our kidneys How craven, how cowardly we are! Physical self knowledge, inside and out glorious and unashamed, that is my object The gallant Benchley has blazed the trail I must follow where he led

To do this successfully calls, I fear, for poetic imagery far beyond my poor powers But a man must do his best I cannot relinquish the attempt or give up the dream I have tried to suggest the gorgeous stimulus that pushes me irresistibly to this hazardous experiment I have endeavored to describe what this book *should* be What it actually will be remains to be seen

THROUGH THE
ALIMENTARY CANAL
WITH GUN AND CAMERA

A FASCINATING TRIP TO THE INTERIOR

ILLUSTRATIONS

CHAPTER I

WE GO TO THE HEAD

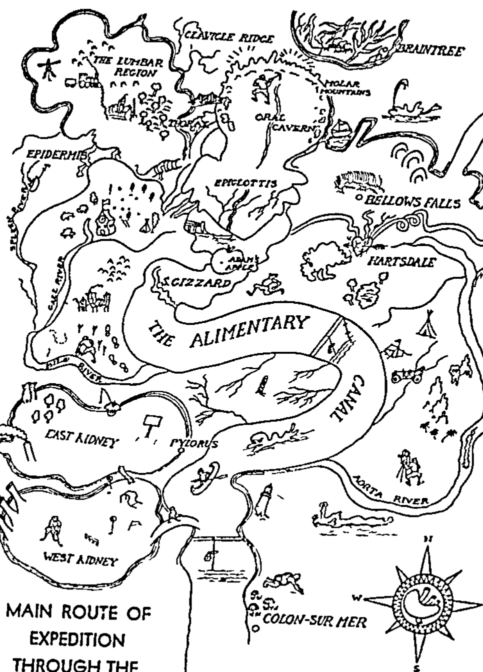
BEFORE making my last trip through the Alimentary Canal from which most of the material used in this book is derived I delivered to my selected group of scientists a short lecture course on the exterior masses and contours of the human terrain

The men who accompanied me have expressed the desire to remain incognito A natural delicacy dictates this anonymity They feel that if the individual whom we explored and who was quite naturally somewhat distressed at times by our presence in his midst should positively identify us our future relations might be impaired. It is true one never feels quite the same toward a person who has looked one s liver squarely in the eye.

My companions then to whom I will often refer must be designated merely as my botanist my ornithologist and my camera man making up a party of four which is ideal for the Interior Five is too many three too few for bridge for instance More important, however is the fact that four men can form a hollow square for purposes of defense and the chance of attack in the Interior is no laughing matter I was once one of a party of three that was ambushed in the dense bottom lands of the Colon Inférieur by an enraged tapeworm We formed a hollow triangle a poor thing at best the points of which were repeatedly broken off by our assailant We put up—but the story has no place in this chapter On this latest sortie as I say we were four

Calling my little band together I outlined my general ideas on the subject of human exploration It was well I thought that they should become more fully acquainted with the outside of the country before venturing into the mazes of the Interior Our labyrinthine inwards as I pointed out would have a deeper meaning a more beautiful significance if they were clearly aware of how they were expressed on our façades

With your permission then gentlemen I said or without



MAIN ROUTE OF EXPEDITION THROUGH THE ALIMENTARY CANAL

more interesting, being studded and personalized with a number of features that must have taken quite a little study.

We also find much more variation in human head-shapes than is to be expected in the quantity production of mechanistic amenities. Any clothes-pin manufacturer, if he can understand what you are talking about, will admit that.

Most of us will recognize among our personal acquaintances, perhaps even in our own families, the five basic head-shapes which Schultze and Weaver in their monumental "Craniums Old and New" call the Bullet, Pointed, Table-top, Frontal-bulge and Tonneau types. Herr X, by the way, whom I have just been exploring was of the Table-top type, unfoliated and with an interesting East and West depression across the lateral axis.

Schultze and Weaver also point out that with each head-shape is included a stock set of mental tools, predicated by the head itself. Thus your Bullet-head, if you have one, indicates pugnacity, leadership and often, as in the case of *Julius Cæsar and Napoleon, military* greatness. This type is frequently bullet-proof as well as bullet shaped. The Pointed or American Perpendicular head implies a social gregarious type, less able mentally *than* the Bullet but pleasanter to have about. I know a remarkable example of this sort who for twenty years acted as toastmaster and general entertainer *for* every social function with which he came *in* contact. He is now living in Westchester County, where he is the life of the asylum.

Concomitants of the Table-top or Plateau head are an obstinate idealism and a desire to change existing conditions. Our great theorists and idealists such as Granitsch, Cloudon and Winkleman are all flat heads. When our party stood on the edge of Herr X's cranial property, they were amazed at the extent of that undulating mesa of snowy whiteness. It seemed actually to invite the setting out of a tea service or the cocktail makings. In, or on, a woman this head-shape means that she will forever be moving things about, a habit that has driven many husbands to violent revolt. We should be charitable in such cases and reflect that the woman is probably doing as well as she can with a head shaped like hers.

The Frontal bulge and Tonneau types indicate respectively the scientific and the artistic temperaments. When you meet a man or woman whose brains have forged to the front, one of those bluff bowed creatures whose eyes, behind their thick lenses, gleam like



IN THE TOILS OF A TAPEWORM

it for that matter, we will consider, momentarily, the human form from the outside This can best be done by a sort of lecture tour which will be more comprehensive than would be any single trip'

I had just returned from a corpus survey of a German gentleman, Herr X, of Hamburg, but I in no way confined myself to this particular property in my short heart to-heart talks with my boys, as I soon came to call them They agreed heartily to this idea of a preliminary lecture tour and, as a sort of introduction to the more exciting events which follow, I feel that I can do no better than to set down my remarks just as delivered to them Here, then, beginneth the first lesson

In all trips of this sort I make it my custom to begin at the head and work down, letting gravity do as much of the work as possible When we get down to the lower Digital Country we merely step ashore and the trip is over The general design of the human form, it will be recalled, is that of the common or laundry yard clothes pin with arms thrown in for good measure The button or nubbin at the top is the Head, but the heads of mankind are

exhibit in a way which led to his the professor's being knocked endwise into the crowd through which Mr Kelley departed with [illegible] Such are the penalties of scientific research. We be [illegible] make one false [illegible] that [illegible] the general topic of [illegible] me mention [illegible]

of those whose records are accepted without qu[illegible] One is never sure of an individual He may have made [illegible] Two men [illegible] each other's findings

The solitary explorer the lone hunter the isolated chemist, has only to announce his achievements to be greeted by a chorus of "He's a liar! My old friend Dr Traprock now retired to his prune farm at Over Derby-on the-Housatonic has told me many times that his bitterest moments have come from his entire inability to prove his most important assertions "When I saw the fatulis a bird lay one of its square eggs he said when I heard that plaintive motherhood cry with its ascending note of joy and ultimate throb of pain I was alone all alone in the vast wilderness of the filbert forest. And now they won't believe me.

His weather beaten face twisted for a moment but like the old soldier he is he straightened it out by giving his goatee a sharp pull and brought the subject around to prunes in which he has become tremendously wrapped up

In short I shall bracket my authorities whenever possible. And now having merely grazed the field of head-shapes let us turn to some of the previously mentioned adornments which differ entiate our heads from the clothes-pin nubbins of commerce Suppose we begin with hair!

the portholes of an outgoing liner, the sort of person who shouts 'Prove it!' at your most trivial assertion, you may be sure you are in the presence of an eager, explorative and *disagreeable mind* From these come our chemists, biologists and scientific researchers Among the Tonneaux, on the contrary, the brains have sagged or *settled toward the rear, giving the cranial container a generous*, seven passenger fullness, from which it derives its name The Tonneaux supply our painters, sculptors, musicians and our most talented loafers *They are not eager for accurate data, they don't know* a graph when they see one, but are entirely satisfied with emotions and complexes Such a mind is like a vessel in which the ballast has *shifted aft so that the helmsman looks toward the stars*, seeing nothing of the reefs below

I once traveled across the head spaces of an artist whose brain *had gone way back, and sat down as if on a comfortable divan* He was the most peaceful and pleasant person I have ever explored 'Some years ' he used to say, I don t feel like working The Tonneau types accept anything you *tell them* They never say, "How do you know that? or "Are you sure of your facts? What you say goes, and in that way a vast amount of misinformation is kept in constant circulation

The variations and gradations of these five basic types opens up a limitless field for observation which we must leave to the head hunters or *phrenologists Phrenology*, in itself, is a fascinating but dangerously deceptive study In the United States much of our early instruction in this science was gleaned from itinerant lecturers who stood between two torches at *the tail end* of a wagon, using volunteer exhibits from the audience to illustrate their points The lecture *led* up to the attempted sale of bottles of Kickapoo Indian Sagwa *which invigorating elixir, at the low price of twenty five cents—the fourth part of a dollar*—carried with it as a premium your choice of a cake of soap a pongee handkerchief or a handsome watch-chain

I recall a rather unfortunate incident in Derby Conn , the Pin City, where a visiting professor made a mistaken diagnosis The head under examination was that of a Mr Kelley, well and unfavorably known in the community, whose bump of Combativeness had been dented in by a nightstick

Finding no such protuberance, the lecturer commented on his

exhibit in a way which led to his, the professor's, being knocked endwise into the crowd through which Mr Kelley departed with the premiums. Such are the penalties of scientific research. We become adept, as we think, in a certain study only to make one false step and have all our theories knocked into a cocked hat

Before leaving the general topic of head shapes let me mention once more the authorities Schultze and Weaver, to whom I owe so much. My readers will note that my practice is to quote authorities in pairs rather than as individuals. This is the invariable method of those whose records are accepted without question The reason is obvious. One is never sure of an individual He may have made some awful bull somewhere, or he may be kidding you Two men working together are able to check and double-check each other's findings.

The solitary explorer, the lone hunter, the isolated chemist, has only to announce his achievements to be greeted by a chorus of "He's a liar!" My old friend Dr Traprock, now retired to his prune farm at Over Derby-on-the-Housatonic, has told me many times that his bitterest moments have come from his entire inability to prove his most important assertions. "When I saw the fatulva bird lay one of its square eggs," he said, "when I heard that plaintive motherhood cry with its ascending note of joy and ultimate throb of pain, I was alone, all alone in the vast wilderness of the filbert forest. And now they won't believe me."

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CHAPTER II

HAIR AND HAIR RAISING

My botanist who was and still is as bald as a billiard ball was completely absorbed in our second *causerie* which dealt with Hair and Hair raising The poor chap had tried everything from onion poultices to powerful electromagnets without saving a single shoot His only consolation had been his success at the Beaux Arts Ball in 1924 when he gilded his skull and went as St Peter s in Rome He hung on my every word when I addressed my little group as follows

The head during its better years is thatched with a covering which for the lack of a better word we call hair This growth vegetable in character does well in some localities and poorly in others Many plantings are deceptive They flourish luxuriantly for a while only to wither and die in the midsummer of life leaving exposed the arid sub soil and living rock that lie below A vast tribe of agriculturists is constantly working on invigorants to stimulate our roof gardens In too many cases the results are not successful and the proprietor must have recourse to artificial aids—photog raphers grass potted plants hair seal tea cozies and the like

One of the mysteries of that most mysterious of all subjects Sex is that the female dome tends to retain its roofing material far more tenaciously than does that of the male Woman s capillary attraction her crowning glory as her mop has been termed has more permanence than that of her mate which is here to-day and gone to-morrow Thank Heaven we rarely see a bald headed woman! With most men in their fifties however the remark about getting a haircut is merely a pathetic though rather admirable gesture one of the bits of make believe to which we cling in the very teeth of time From any theater balcony one may look down on as fine a collection of casaba melons as ever graced a fruit stall Baldness curiously produces some unexpectedly lovely traits Hammacher and Schlemmer in their *Follicles of 1920* cite the

case of J P Wakerobin of Lakeville Conn who used to put ashes on his head so that the flies could keep their footing

"They fall down and go boom said Mr Wakerobin aged eighty "and I am afraid they will do themselves a hurt."

An exploded theory is that a man s tendency and a woman s immunity to baldness is due to the differences in the mechanics of their dress much of a man s raiment being hauled on and off over his head with resultant friction while in the woman s case the release of some hidden master knot allows the whole works to fall to the floor leaving her practically free and clear of all encumbrances. This, I am convinced, is erroneous Friction is an invigorant and would never result in crop failure My own theory in which I am supported by both Hammacher and Schlemmer is that the length of the hair has much to do with its life-expectancy For thousands of years women have let their hair grow The practice of bobbing and boy-cutting is far too recent to have effected any physiological change. Man on the other hand has consistently cut his hair all the way from pompadour to dead rabbit The most cruel cutting was done during the long period when men wore wigs the natural hair being cut to the quick.

Each blade of hair springs from a tiny oil station known as a *follicle.* They are highly sensitive Finding their best efforts of no avail realizing that their fate was to be forever lopped off and pruned back, these follicles in the late Eighteenth Century became discouraged. Their whole nature changed. Disgustedly they gave up trying for outward expression and turned inward and downward resulting in an amazing growth of hair in other directions. It is no uncommon sight to-day to see a man with a bald head and a beard that would admit him automatically into any rabbinical convention. The south bound follicles overjoyed at reaching the sunlight run riot and bloom in the most amazing profusion.

* Some of the scrolled side-burns that artfully linked themselves with the lip-spanning causeway of the mustache were most certainly inspired by the formal gardens of Versailles and Hampton Court. The convoluted borders and arabesques of Lenôtre the

CHAPTER II

HAIR AND HAIR RAISING

My botanist who was and still is is bald as a billiard ball was completely absorbed in our second *causerie* which dealt with Hair and Hair raising The poor chap had tried everything from onion poultices to powerful electromagnets without saving a single shoot His only consolation had been his success at the Beaux Arts Ball in 1924 when he gilded his skull and went as St Peter s in Rome He hung on my every word when I addressed my little group as follows

The head during its better years is thatched with a covering which for the lack of a better word we call hair This growth vegetable in character does well in some localities and poorly in others Many plantings are deceptive *They flourish luxuriantly for* a while only to wither and die in the midsummer of life leaving exposed the arid sub-soil and living rock that lie below A vast tribe of agriculturists is constantly working on invigorants to stimulate our roof gardens In too many cases the results are not successful and the proprietor must have recourse to artificial aids—photog raphers grass potted plants hair seal tea cozies and the like

One of the mysteries of that most mysterious of all subjects Sex is that the female dome tends to retain its roofing material far more tenaciously than does that of the male Woman s capillary *attraction her crowning glory as her mop has been termed has* more permanence than that of her mate which is here to-day and gone to-morrow Thank Heaven we rarely see a bald headed woman! With most men in their fifties however the remark about getting a haircut is merely a pathetic though rather admirable gesture one of the bits of make believe to which we cling in the very teeth of time From any theater balcony one may look down on as fine a collection of casaba melons as ever graced a fruit stall Baldness curiously produces some unexpectedly lovely traits Hammacher and Schlemmer in their Follicles of 1920 cite the

vaunted Republicanism dismiss us contemptuously as a race of waiters and cab-drivers The Parisian greatly admires beards that have never known the barber s shears These are first growth stuff with a foamy Florida moss texture that is almost feminine

It should be noted that women who allow their hair to have its own way are rarely bearded When a female produces a really fine rush bottomed beard she is hailed as a museum piece In my student days I knew an estimable lady a Madame B of Neuilly who spent her working hours displaying her remarkable black *barbe-à la fourchette* to the visitors at a small museum in the Rue Tagueule She confessed to me that she was frequently embar rassed on her way home by the solicitations of the ladies-of the-evening who lurked in the shadows of the Luxembourg Gardens and who received her protestations that she was a lady with shrill cries of disbelief Inevitably Nature revenges herself against the abnormal and many embarrassing things result

Thus we see that hair this first adornment of the head which we have to consider presents possibly the greatest variation of any Some have it some not Some assume it some let it slide With some it will grow on the chin and not on the crown and vice versa

Outwardly viewed man s hair when he has it presents a fairly uniform appearance The long haired male is still regarded with suspicion by our average tribesman The modern woman with her bobbed coiffure has also approached a uniform standard which many will regret who recall the tricky bangs buns braids and birds nests of yester year Many of these set pieces were not possible without the aid of a net Others owed their success to the use of demountable accessories A lady of fashion writes Mrs Mount ford in her Gotham s Garland for 1899 will need as many switches as the New Haven Railroad and a perfect covey of rats if she is to maintain the prevailing pompadour

In spite of these artifices the woman of the period was fully as attractive as her modern and less complicated sister An old gentle-man once said to me with a quaver in his voice We have been married fifty years and I still love every hair on her bureau No man knows greater love than this.

Just a few words not too many I promise you of hair hither and yon It grows rather sparsely along the eyelids in what are called lashes or winkers and along the lower edge of the frontal

parterres and bosquets of Inigo Jones all find their counterpart in English facial foliage during its best period

In America the beard made little headway It was retained for a time as a heritage of the homeland but our pioneers found it an inconvenience as they wormed their way through the trails of our great West where men were men and the women were glad of it Having outlived its usefulness as a screen for ambushing the unwary natives who be it noted were themselves beardless it gradually lost ground during the Revolution The struggle with the Confederacy further weakened its hold and with Lee s surrender the beard may be said to have capitulated

It is now largely a tradition something to be laughed at as one pores over old photographs The academic question so favored by college debating societies still remains as to whether the Pilgrim Fathers slept with their beards inside or outside the covers I heard Harvard and Yale fight this out for three hours when the contest was called on account of high winds from both ends of the platform

With the denuding of our follicle forests the art of shaving became increasingly important The losing fight between the conservatives who clung to their own and each other s beards and the interests which opposed them was stirringly portrayed by the veteran actor Gillette in The Truth About Blayds

We in America are now a clean shaven race with the exception of our doctors who still wear beards to inspire confidence and conceal their smiles Of course among our older men we run across sporadic outbursts of beards and accessories that are really quaint survivals of the older order A type that shows considerable vitality is the cowled or mudguard mustache rarely seen in any shade other than a deep blue black A red or yellow job in this model however carefully stream lined would be too extreme A few hair raisers whose memories hark back to the G A R still favor the three in one combination of beard running boards and full fashioned cowl known as the Chinchilla bridle The sweeping drapes called Hanging Gardens of Babylon are almost extinct I know of but one set of these belonging to an old resident of Windham Conn who tells me that for the last seventy years he has been trying to get the hair out of his system

The French who are absurdly medieval in spite of their

CHAPTER III

THE FACIAL PLAIN

In my third discourse I took up that amazing human phenomenon, the Facial Plain, the most variable area in the physical world. Every individual has a face Some are acclaimed as objects of great beauty Others compel their wearers to travel by night My notes on the subject follow

Having prowled through the hair forests of humanity and delved into the roots where lie the toothsome tress-truffles or follicles, having crossed the glassy surface of some of the "domes of silence" far above the timber line, where only the condor wheels in solitary flight, let us work our way downward from this awkward position and examine some of the other pot holes and promontories that diversify the human map

Facing South as we emerge from the brush we find ourselves on the upper edge of the Frontal Cliff Here in different instances we find the utmost variety Some of these terminal moraines plunge down, smooth and glistening, to the brows, which offer scant footing for the climber Others, furrowed and ridged like a washboard, supply sufficient hand and toe-holds for a careful descent Still others slant back sharply and are so low that by simply sitting down and letting yourself go, they may be traversed with impunity

Some theorists have claimed that the perpendicular height of the Frontal Cliff is a yardstick by which the mental capacity of the wearer may be measured Intellectuals and groundlings have been carelessly classified as high or low brows This does not work out according to the figures of Delano and Aldrich, who measured thousands of foreheads during the big migration of 1928 and found generally, as their report says, beyond a certain height the brain becomes dizzy and lets go entirely

Who indeed, can say that this or that height is *perfection*? Each feature in the facial *terrain*, separately *considered*, is an oddity It is in the assembling of our features that there enters the Beauty What is the proper height of

bone in two patches of rough known as brows The lashes of the upper lid when they are long and look like monkey fur are supposed to exert a powerful emotional influence on the opposite sex Why this God only knows The lower lashes are poor affairs They are planted too far apart and never look like much even when twisted into wicks and blacked up The brows are more interesting although women with their inherent timidity try to standardize them by pruning plucking and penciling I know only one man who plucks his eyebrows He does it from nervousness and it is a horrid trick Most male brows are left to their own devices and some of them are very fine I recall a pair of Scotch American brows *that looked like friendly caterpillars crawling toward each other*

On super hirsute types we find tufts of hair growing in the ears and nostrils where they are as unattractive as the measly plants one finds in rock gardens clinging to crags and crevices doing their best to live where they have no right to be Far out on the fairway of the face will be found occasional patches of crab-grass chickweed brown patch and Austrian bent often ineradicable and hard to mow around These fortunately are few Why they are there is a mystery They are perhaps the parking place of tiny organisms of which we know nothing Let us so consider them and pass on to the examination of other features of the marvelous human landscape

If we climb up to the edge of the Ear a curious sight confronts us We are on the rim of a shallow crater, the floor of which is a mass of hummocks, hillocks, hassocks and tussocks, winding aimlessly about. Do not make the mistake of entering this labyrinth without a competent guide I was once lost in the Aural Cavity, fell into a wax pit and nearly lost my life A natural gateway opens toward the south, but access to this is perilous, for beneath one is only the tremulous Lobe hanging over an abyss of space Let us be content to contemplate these phenomena from a safe vantage point and, having returned to the center of the Frontal Glacis, take the well worn Interbrow Trail, Route 1, that leads along the Nasal Bridge to Expiration Point, where we will command one of the most remarkable views in the whole world of exterior physiognomy

Great care should be taken while navigating the Nasal Bridge While in some cases the road is broad with easy grades and room enough at the end to turn a car, it is not infrequently so narrow that it can only be traversed by sitting astride and hitching oneself along The grades, too, are sometimes steep with sharp curves It is a place to watch one s step

But what a reward for our efforts awaits us when we reach the promontory! Below us, in every direction lies the Facial Plain, now sunlit now shadowed by passing clouds now swept by gusts from the Blow holes or Nares beneath our feet In the foreground lies the Labial Valley and far to the South we see the rounded dome of the Chin, a noble drumlin of the first magnitude, that fades away East and West, into the tumbled masses of the Wattles, Jowls Dewlaps and the Lesser Chins

Northward we have a fine [illegible] tively near pc [illegible] but rather un [illegible] soul in aspic, [illegible]

Much idle prattle has been uttered about eyes Numer [illegible] wl [illegible] pr [illegible] and digestion.

A fairly wide color range is offered, popular shades being blue, black, brown, hazel and gray Actually, however, according to

forehead for me with my tonneau type head would probably never do for you with your frontal bulge Yet we are both handsome

While we are up on the vast frontal parapet let us prowl about a bit What a panorama meets the gaze in every direction! Back of us lies the bush and further back the treacherous follicle fens sometimes landscaped and ordered sometimes a tangled maze teeming with wild life sometimes mere sparse outcroppings of coarse ragweed that rapidly gives way to desolate bareness Before us on the southern horizon rise the brows while to East and West we catch distant glimpses of two strangely distorted pretzel like formations which we call the Ears

Let us have a look at one of them for one will be enough for our purpose What a queer looking thing it is to be sure Really of all the objects poets have praised ears are probably the worst *Of course they vary but all have a squirmy twist about them that* is unlovely The general opinion is that the smaller they are the *better Many of our best bards have described them as being shell* like There is something shelly about them and I never look into an ear at close range without expecting to see a little fiddler-crab *hurry to the entrance and wave his claws at me*

Ears fall naturally into the bivalvular classification being either Lynnhavens Cape Cods or Bluepoints according to size *The angle of adjustment in relation to the parent skull is also im portant* A common type which sheers sharply away at right angles is known as the Loving cup Ear from its resemblance to the handles of such containers In the presence of this design the normal im pulse is to seize the wearer by them and lift him from the ground If the owner of a set of of Lynnhaven Loving cups can also move them he has done about all that can be done with ears The smaller form fitting ears such as Clingstone Bluepoints are less conspic uous but also less entertaining than the more flamboyant models The Cauliflower Ear is not properly an ear at all being merely the unfortunate result of too much massage

The ears are our receiving set a part of our physical radio equipment of which the Oral Cavern is the loud speaker Some misguided owners and this applies principally to our women folk feel that the outer-ear or case containing the mechanism should be highly ornamented with pendants and other trappings They try to give the thing style Better taste prefers an unadorned simplicity The period ear is an æsthetic blunder

If we climb up to the edge of the Ear a curious sight confronts us. We are on the rim of a shallow crater the floor of which is a mass of hummocks hillocks hassocks and tussocks winding aimlessly about Do not make the mistake of entering this labyrinth without a competent guide I was once lost in the Aural Cavity fell into a wax pit and nearly lost my life A natural gateway opens toward the south but access to this is perilous for beneath one is only the tremulous Lobe hanging over an abyss of space. Let us be content to contemplate these phenomena from a safe vantage point and having returned to the center of the Frontal Glacis take the well worn Interbrow Trail Route 1 that leads along the Nasal Bridge to Expiration Point where we will command one of the most remarkable views in the whole world of exterior physiognomy

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Northward we have a fine view of the Eyes Seen from this rela

[illegible] prattle has been uttered abo [illegible]
we think of two as the stand [illegible]
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A fairly wide color range is offered popular shades being blue black brown hazel and gray Actually however according to

Abercrombie and Fitch, *"De Optica Ordinaria,"* "the prevailing tint is the dull gray-green of second-day clam-chowder." Exterior reflections of sea, sky and landscape, as well as interior emotional conditions, greatly affect eye coloration. Fatigue gives them the dull leadness of a stove window when the fire is out. One of our modern poets has spoken of "the blue lips and red eyes of Youth," but these, obviously, are the abnormalities of overindulgence.

Stock shapes are the Walrus or Bull, the Almond, the Bead and the Slit. Walrus eyes have the engaging quality of always looking astonished and interested. I have known several young women with this type and I always felt that they were being hugely amused and were quite absorbed by what I was saying, though I knew in my heart that they had no sense whatever. The Almond type is intriguingly noncommittal, while the Slit suggests a *diablerie* that may be friendly or the reverse. The only eye that I cannot stand is the Bead. It seems so mercilessly aloof. It suggests no possibilities whatsoever. Customs men get it and quite a number of dentists have it. It seems to go with the cruel professions.

More important than either the color or shape of the eyes is their position. Narrow-gauge eyes that are always going into a huddle invariably create a feeling of distrust. When you see a man whose eyes are in conference, you may know that he is not the man for you. The widespread eyes of the bovine types are always much more lovable.

"Give me a woman wide between the eyes,
Lovingly trustful of my many lies!"

So sang Percy Taplow, the soldier-poet of Camp Dix, in one of his less frustrated moments.

An annoying tendency of stage and screen stars is toward oversized eyes. This is a pity, especially on the screen, where the eye is often enlarged to nightmare dimensions. I know nothing quite so terrible as one of these lamp-wicked orbs, eight feet wide and swimming in glycerine, unless it be a magnification of the human thumb with its coarse texture and prehensile animalism.

But we must not linger too long. Retracing our way along the Nasal Bridge we now slide down the easy slopes below the Frontal

Glacis, picking our way through the Cheek country and finally gaining the North Lip of Labial Valley I would not advise the crossing of the valley to South Lip too casually In the Valley cleft is the entrance to the Oral Cavern Out of it at times come weird sounds, for it is, as I have said, the loud speaker of our radio system [illegible]

far into space

Viewed from the outside the Mouth, comprising the Labial Valley and North and South Lips, is a fascinatingly plastic and mobile contraption. The size of this feature varies all the way from the Rosebud or Small mouthed Bass type to the open faced designs, in the more generous of which the gap is only stopped by the ears Actors and orators have unusually large mouths Pliny tells us that when Demosthenes really bore down on a subject "his mouth looked like a purse of which the gathering-string had burst

Choices in mouths vary As with pease-porridge, some like them hot, some cold, some large, some small. The consensus of opinion appears to be that the mouth should be small enough to leave room for the cheeks and large enough to be easily found in the dark. Lips should be inflated to not more than twenty five pounds pressure Beyond this there is a tendency to bounce off things, and on hot days one is apt to have a blow-out.

We are now near that dominant southern feature, the Chin, which is sometimes a solitary peak, sometimes one of a series of billowing ranges, decreasing in height and increasing in length as they roll away toward the Neck. Chins are tricky things If you do not watch them like a hawk they multiply on you A majestic if somewhat pathetic picture is that painted of the Long Island matron of whom her husband said I crept up the front steps and opened the door cautiously There stood my wife waiting for me, chin after chin

The *menton inférieur* or lower-chin of a set of three, is about the size of a two-quart hot water bottle It gives the wearer the look of a pelican packed for a week-end.

I may have succeeded in proving the truth of my previous statement that the individual features are *oddities* That they can be so assembled as to be even bearable is one of the Creator's

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CHAPTER IV

DOWN TO DIGITALIS

IN the last of my lectures I made a rapid summary of the remaining bodily areas which had been untouched at our previous meetings I could see that my listeners were becoming restive They longed to have done with this prowling about the suburbs' and were anxious to begin the great adventure of the Interior Yet I did not feel that, in fairness to them, I could pass by this opportunity of bestowing a glance at a few of the principal elements of the *Corpus Delicti*, or Body within which lay the entrancing routes which we proposed to follow

Bear with me gentlemen, but for this short session," I said, and I promise that the veil of the Interior shall be rent asunder"

Leaning back in their chairs they closed their eyes while I began my fourth and final discourse

The transition from the Caput to the Shoulder-shelf is one of the most difficult tasks of extramural transportation Once this is accomplished the going is easy if we follow natural grades and [illegible]

While conducting a recent party, I used the utmost caution, following the back trail by way of the Nape At other times I have lowered the members of my expedition through space from the Lobe by throwing a sky hook over the crater rim and easing away to the rhythm of a chantey until their feet rested on the Shelf The Nape trail is safer Where the Cheek contours are favorably suave, as they were in my latest trek it is possible to slide most of the way without untoward incident Each descent is a special problem and must be solved accordingly Two years ago I led a group from a large Facial Plain near Washington, D C., over a series of chin ranges as broad and commodious as the approaches to our national Capitol.

greatest miracles. Man helps by his gorgeous courage in making the best of things. When Edwin Markham wrote,

> *"Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?*
> *Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?"*

he was probably looking at an early picture of himself or one of his friends. He had a moment of depression, of defeatism. The human map was just simply more than he could stand. It is hard to imagine the sensations of a visitor from some other planet confronted by his first sample of *homo sapiens*. The shock would probably be fatal.

Brielle, the dentist poet—my favorite among the younger Belgian school—utters a poignant cry in his magnificent "Agony":

> *Out of the Well of Homeliness,*
> *I ask you . . . Why?*

He has been contemplating himself in the mirror. All day long he has had forced on him close ups of faces, faces of his patients into which he has had to delve with an intimacy that must have been murder to his sensitive soul. How profoundly true that he, indeed, had looked long and steadily into the Well of Homeliness! In the ears of every student like myself who makes a point of taking faces apart and putting them together again that anguished "Why?" will ring forever. For have we not all of us seen faces to which we know there is absolutely no answer?

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Once on the Shoulder shelf we may walk East or West and gaze back at the Neck an impressive columnar feature which sometimes curiously is entirely lacking the Caput resting squarely on the Shelf like a crock in a pantry Normally however there is a Neck varying in length and thickness between the Swan and Bull types An interesting though not particularly pleasant variant is the Corded type which is deeply scored with vertical valleys covered with low growing herbage The term rough neck has been used to describe a person of low cultural content although here again the assumption has no scientific value Some of the lowest people I have known have had attractive necks smooth shapely and easily navigable

At its base the Neck melts subtly into the Shoulder shelf which it divides into two upland plateaux level or sloping broad or narrow as the case may be Passage from one plateau to the other is easiest by way of Clavicle Ridge Road a narrow highway from which at the halfway house one gets a fine view of the Apple the overhanging Chin and on clear days of the ruby rim of South Lip In Germany in 1909 I explored an interesting area in which the multiple chins rolled down to the Shoulder shelf not only blotting out Clavicle Ridge as by an avalanche but also extending completely round the Nape so that our party made the circular tour from East to West going one way and returning the other through the parallel chin valleys and being constantly rewarded by glimpses of magnificent scenery

From each end of the Shelf extends a long mobile promontory known respectively as East and West Bracchis only one of which need be considered although their pleasantest uses are as a pair The Bracchis starts nobly enough at the Shelf begins to deteriorate as we round the Elbow where there is a dangerous curve and ends up at Palm Beach where the road runs out onto five little spits the Fingerlings that lead nowhere and go practically everywhere There is a good refreshment station Crooks at the Elbow where you may fill up your tank before bowling down the Forearm Drive All through the Palm Beach section the roads are clearly marked There is a rather rough return route through the Knuckles —low hummocks which recall the Shinnecock Hills An amusement park at Funnybone detains some parties but I have never found it particularly entertaining

Back once more on the Shoulder shelf, our way lies ever southward into the *Torso Territory*, a vast land sometimes clogged with matted brush among which are insignificant hillocks, sometimes marked by impressive domes of snowy whiteness, tipped by the crimson glow of the sun's last rays The fascination of this sort of exploration is that the utmost variety prevails and that one never knows what to expect The Torso *normally* descends *into a* suave semi-tropical valley, the Waist Lands, which are frequently striated by rolling hills and deep crevasses *in which* the unwary wanderer may easily lose his way Uninstructed travelers in this seductive terrain have become lost and stayed lost for indefinite periods Further south, over gentle gradients, rises the Ventral Glacis, a magnificent terminal moraine, the even contours of which slope sweetly in all directions from the Nubbin, a splendid *observation* point from which to view the wonders about us The alternate route, Number 2, runs down the Dorsal Trail, terminating at *Wheelbase in the back-country* above the opulent bottom lands of which the thriving town of Sitwell is the county seat

Skirting the edge of the Abominable Regions we now pass over the spectacular Bridge of Thighs, through Flanconia, to make a swift tour of the East Jambus, an extended salient shaped *like the* map of Italy, where there is much of interest and beauty at Kneecap, *Shin Ridge*, Anklet and in the foothills of Metatarsal *County* There is a fine Natural Arch near Digitalis, which in some domains *has been allowed* to fall into shocking disrepair

The Jambus, or Leg, is an institution Its contours and con*struction mechanism* and manners, form a *subject of increasing importance* Visually considered, they have long aroused the most *complex and vivid* emotional reactions. They are the mainstay of many *professions* Dancers organists, motor-drivers—what would they do *without them*? The tragedy of Dufour, *the famous* maestro of St Medoc who killed himself because his wooden leg jammed in the low C pedal *during a* dedicatory service, brings home to us the importance of legs that function *properly In the* world of science we have the impressive instance of Huensch, the great anatomist, whose twin daughters Tibia and *Fibula*, were named after the bones of the lower leg!

So it is with every item in the human catalogue I have suggested I hope *something* of the romance and excitement that

lurks in every part of the *Corpus Delicti* Having viewed it from the outside having traversed its main masses it is now high time that we should enter the vast and intriguing Interior Onward and Inward! Let that now be our slogan!

My companions sprang to their feet cheering wildly

Do you feel that you know enough about the Exterior? I asked

Too much! shouted my camera man Into the entrails men!

Until to-morrow then I said seriously Be here at six thirty sharp And don t forget your rubber boots

CHAPTER V

INTO THE ORAL CAVERN

It was an eager but anxious group that assembled in my laboratory in the dawn of the following morning We left on the tick of the appointed time, six thirty, Daylight. Silently my little band gum-shoed its way across the Facial Plain, still silvered by the night dews a territory selected unknown to its owner, in which the port-of-entry nestled in the imposing gash of the Labial Cleft.

Standing on the projecting rim of South Lip, we were ready for our dash into the Oral Cavern, that fascinating receiving depôt at the extreme northern end of the "Old Alimentary"

It was no time for jesting Before us lay who knew what terrors of attack! what onslaughts of infuriated bacilli, scissor jawed microbes, fierce phagocytes and, most dreaded of all, wild-eyed heeby-geebies which give nor take no quarter In my pocket was a telegram from Walter Traprock "Good luck. You'll need it." I did not show it to my companions They were shaken enough as it was. The problem of forcing our entrance was my immediate consideration

The management of this ingress, encumbered as we were with our cameras firearms, fishing tackle, butterfly nets, portable boat, and other equipment was an affair calling for alertness and agility The gateway is opened only periodically for the discharge of slightly used ether, which is salvaged by the dealers in second hand oxygen or for the admission of cargoes of supplies destined for ports-of-call along the Canal and its tributaries during the course of its windings toward the sea

In this instance we were tremendously fortunate. It was too early in the morning to hope for an immediate delivery of supplies and I had looked forward to a tedious wait of at least an hour But, no—suddenly the ground beneath us quaked, quivered, and the undulant Labial Gash widened into a yawning crevasse!

"In, boys, in!" I cried, and we slid down the slippery incline.

We were inside the Labial Gateway but by no means in the Oral Cavern The Dental Wall lay before us a sheer palisade beyond which rolled the Lingual Plain which forms the floor of the Cavern Forbidding as it is at first glance experience had taught me that the Dental Wall is almost never without some loophole or crevice through which we might drag our impedimenta Rare indeed is the finding of an impregnable and perfectly maintained barrier Somewhere the explorer if he has courage will find a section that has crumbled or fallen away from its fellows And so it was in our case Between two towering monadnocks was a narrow passage

This way lads! I cried and we were through!

Scrambling up the soft slopes we stood on the edge of the Lingual Plain peering into the darkness The spongy ground heaved beneath our feet like the peat bogs of Central Artesia which float over prehistoric lakes long buried in the heart of the earth

Back of us the Dental Wall towered to meet the curving cornice under North Lip Cornice and Wall joined irregularly There were fissures through which filtered a dim light gray and mysterious In the vague dome above us was another source of light of the utmost ingenuity—a light I had seen in other caverns It is done by the aid of mirrors Rays thrown upward through the Nares are reflected from the backs of the optic lenses down into the oral skylights It is one of the most effective uses of indirect lighting I have ever seen

Gradually our eyes became accustomed to this dim radiation We began to distinguish objects and buildings near at hand the very names of which evoked memories of our classic studies—the Periosteum sacred to the worship of Gastritis the Cervix or market place of the Maxillary aristocracy and the Salivaria or sprinkler system which protects the Cavern from fire

A moment later the Labial Gateway was again suddenly opened and light was thrown into its farthest depths It was then that we glimpsed the Cavern in all its grandeur In a flash our eyes recorded its main features—the spiral columns of the Periosteum the neatly arranged pipe-work of the Salivaria and the soft red soil of the Lingual Plain slithering off to the rubbery foothills of the Molar Mountains

These impressive ranges the Molars, lay on either side of us, and joined the Dental Wall to form a natural amphitheatre Overhead arched the magnificent roof, serrated and ridged like a ceiling in the Alhambra. From the outer edges of the roof hung huge masses of masonry, sharp crags and boulders of living rock It was such a picture of awesome majesty, seen by Brielle, the dentist-poet, that inspired the lines since recited by thousands of school boys

> *'Molars to right of them,*
> *Grinders to left of them,*
> *Canines in back of them,*
> *Volleyed and thundered!*
> *Theirs not to question,*
> *Theirs but to do it now!*
> *Into the Valley of Breath*
> *Rode the Four Hundred!'*

Fully to appreciate the romantic savagery of the Molars one must climb the lava like foothills and stand at the base of such a giant as *Old Grinder*, a mighty monolith of gray granite, upon the face of which, by the way, it is proposed to carve the likeness of Stephen Onderdonck of colonial fame, who, during the trying winter at Valley Forge cast both upper and lower sets of demountables for George Washington

The Molars show unmistakable signs of having belonged to our earliest rock formations, although some dental barriers closely resemble the Great Wall of China, which was erected shortly after the second Tartar Invasion Originally a pure white, close-grained granite we find many ranges of which time has eroded the surfaces, investing them with lichens, so that they run an amazing gamut of color—from warm ivory through shades of oyster gray and more [illegible]

[illegible] Occasionally we find peaks where, by lightning blast or other convulsion of nature, the whole side of a cliff has given way, leaving exposed a raw and ragged face, pathetic in its marred beauty Again, at the foot of a precipice, I have snagged myself on blackened stumps and *scattered* bits of rock which the slippery tufa takes back mysteriously into its depths. I have seen

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GOLD DIGGING IN THE MOLAR MOUNTAINS

gaps in the Molars where entire mountains had collapsed or been wrenched away by some superhuman force leaving only deep *craters of freshly turned tufa* or *if the cataclysm was of earlier* occurrence dark and viscous pools unpleasant in the extreme

For many years prospectors have roamed these passes and scaled these peaks armed with pick shovel and sieve for there is gold in these hills yellow gold and the eternal lust for riches has lured many a man to his death I myself have found dazzling veins of the cursed ore Only a few years ago one of my field parties uncovered the famous Taprock Lode that sent thousands of crazed nugget chasers rushing through the Oral country But as an old prospector once said to me more gold has been put into the Molars than will ever be taken out of them Too often the only record of the maddened gold seeker is the tottering cairn in which he cached his last slender store of supplies before wandering off into the hills

Fortunately a better day has dawned for the Cavern country *Convinced that the search for gold* and *in rare instances for* platinum and even diamonds is but an illusion the Government has recently been sending its engineers and architects into the mountains Surveys have been made maps prepared plans drawn forms built and where serious flood damage is in evidence reinforced concrete has in large measure made good the ravages of time All this we were free to explore thoroughly and we did

I noted considerable dissatisfaction among the natives some of whom were constantly grumbling We re being over investigated complained one old Molarite Every time there s any trouble anywhere in the whole blamed country we re said to be the cause of it These damned specialists from the outside come poking in here It s getting on my nerves!

Apart from this upsetting interference the Cavern folk are carrying on nobly We were privileged to be present at the opening of the causeway spanning the gorge between New Canine and Incisor where the South Jaw of the Mellifluous empties into the Canal It is a magnificent piece of bridge work and a great credit to the particular Hoover Commission appointed to do the work

We took a fascinating trail new to me that led us from New Canine by way of Taproot Springs to Mount Wisdom from which we got a gorgeous view of the low lying Milkers on the horizon



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CHAPTER VI

THROUGH THE OESOPHAGUS

Would that I could convey to my readers the disarming beauty of that stately temple the Oesophagus which stands in all its grandiose majesty at the head waters of the Alimentary Canal The last time I saw it was at the full of the moon when its noble façade rising from the tessellated portico disappeared into the dimness of the over-arching cavern. At each side crouched the alert Tonsils in their spotted robes watchful guardians of the gateway, while above suspended by its soft paws hung a fat uvula apparently sleeping but ready at an instant s warning to elongate its fluid tentacle and suck up any intruder

Somewhere in his scientific writings Dr Benchley has said unkind things of the uvula. "Don t look at it! he cries implying that it is a horrid and repugnant thing It is true that the uvula has no grace of silhouette but what does my learned friend expect? One cannot alter the inexorable laws of physical conformation The uvula belongs to the type of interior but by no means inferior organisms defined by Lewis and Conger as "invertebrate and gelatinous blobs. It makes no pretense to beauty Functioning modestly and quietly from its elevated position of humble dependence between the third and fourth columns of the Oesophagus it is satisfied to fulfill its occasional duty of swift descent from the ceiling of the Cavern to absorb the stray fly errant crumb or other unwelcome stranger who eluding the Tonsils passes beyond the portals without the proper credentials. It ill behooves Dr Benchley and I say this more in anger than in sorrow it ill behooves this man of the world, a free agent and detached entity able to wander where he will viewing the beauties of the outer upper and under world it ill behooves him I say let s see what is it that ill behooves him? Oh, yes the uvula, the little uvula—but plague take Dr Benchley! Well anyway there it hung on this refulgent night like a reticent glowworm, radiating its own mys-

Near the base of Wisdom is a *remarkable* rocking stone a huge mass of gneiss and mica schist that can be *oscillated* with a single touch of the finger And yet we were told it would take several hundred horse power to move it from its position! The curious bubbling pools at Gumboil Springs in Canker County also *interested us* enormously

In *general* life in these *mountain Edens* would be perfect were it not for the terrific winds which rage through them whistling *down the passes and sweeping all* before them Like our Mississippi Valley the *Oral Cavern is the breeding* place of tornadoes Some years ago while examining Congressional Cave near Washington D C I *was struck by one of these* blasts heated like the sirocco that hurled me *through* the *Labial Gate* onto the floor of the Senate an experience *I hope never* to undergo again Ordinarily however it is a *comfortable* country in which alternating breezes of mild velocity and temperature blow with the regularity of *the trade winds*

But it was *now* time to go further *into the back* country for far away crowning the rising plain stood the white-columned *Oesophagus that noble temple in which* we were to make our adieux to the upper world before venturing the breathtaking dive into the *Gullet For here really begins the* gorgeous Interior highway that leads *eventually* to No-man s Land

He turned over the document and read the names of Drs. Rand and MacNally, Grover Whalen and my pastor, the Rt. Rev. Hunt, Bishop of North Guilford

"Pass, Candidates," he said, and we filed silently into the great atrium of the Oesophagus Dumping our dunnage on the terrazzo we looked about us My associates winced

Directly in front of us was the first lock, empty at the time so [illegible] traffic through the Canal the lock is filled for the benefit of the Tonsils and some of the younger Adenoids who are keen on water sports The Adenoids live north of the Cavern country in the district known as the Palatinate, shown on very few maps They have the reputation of being snooty folk but get on well with the Tonsils to whom they are distantly related

At a brief order from the head larynx, one of his assistants stepped to the panel board upon which were a number of gleaming silver handles It was not unlike the dashboard of one of our better soda fountains As he pulled the levers rapidly we heard the rush of water He was turning on sections of the Salivaria or public waterworks which, governed from this main station, is hooked up with the big plant at Gastritis to the south of us, with the distillery at Lachrymal in the Upper Optic Region, and with other important installations in the hinterland.

Swiftly the lock filled to the proper level, and the assistant larynx shut off the Salivaria There have been times, the old chief told me, when careless underlings have gone away and left the water running flooding the entire Oral Cavern, washing away much topsoil and causing many disastrous rock slides in the foothills of the Molars But in our case all was managed to a nicety Aided by willing hands our little Oldtown Collapsible, the *Rubber Duck* was made ready and launched on the milky waters, the dunnage being stowed aft and my ship s company amidships With a hearty cheer from the attendants we pushed off toward the southern end of the lock. As we did so the looming doors swung slowly open operated by a ganglia, or crew of locksmiths, under the direction of a sub-larynx I felt a tremor of apprehension and surprise shake our frail container Before us yawned the dark tunnel

terious inner light that is not a reflection from moon or sun but a lucence distilled from the phosphorus paid as tribute by passing food caravans on their way to the Canal

Directly below on the diagrammatic mosaic of the portico stood an aged larynx one of the priestly order which since the dawn of time has performed its pure ablutions around the steps corridors and offices of the Oesophagus This great edifice is not only a temple but also a busy mart of trade an enormous receiving depot for the expediting of goods a sorting station counting house and modification plant where bale upon bale of raw material is treated after passing through the mastication department wet down, rebaled loaded onto boluses—flat double-ended blood vessels—and shoved along into the gigantic lock at Thorax-on-the-Gullet

I stood fascinated directly under the uvula who knew me of old Hello little jellybean I said Its liquid mass glowed responsively with the soft fire of a mucus opal

Music heavenly maid was not absent from that bewitching scene The plaintive fluting of a distant pharynx blended with the gurgle of a submerged windpipe and the batrachian contrabass of Eustachian tubes The sibilant lipping of the Canal whispered a fluttering accompaniment It was a lovely thing they played the *Medulla Oblongata* in E by Cervelle I was transported I might have been standing before the Taj Mahal the Cambodian *Temple of Encore Fat or the shrine of the conquering sun god* Apollinaris Victrola but on the frieze above me I read once more the stern inscription *Nunc est duo denum* They shall not Pass It recalled me to myself

I turned to my companions who had strayed off and were teasing the Tonsils by poking them with their alpenstocks One of our company more instructed than the rest had completely terrified one of these guardians by shouting Mumps! in a loud voice The little creature quivered and shrank into his shell from which he peered anxiously

Come to heel I ordered and addressed the larynx showing him my passport We spoke in Latin which is the diplomatic language of the Interior

Quo visa est? (Where is your visa?) he asked

Visa versa I replied (On the other side)

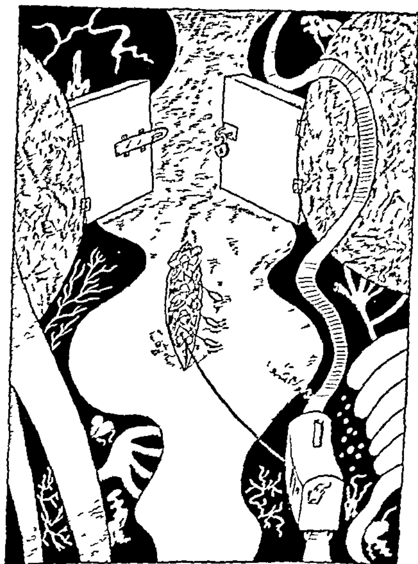
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Directly in front of us was the first lock empty at the time so that we could appreciate the perfection of its swimming pool construction of polished tile and marble sides sloping floor scum gutter and diving board for on dull days when there is little or no traffic through the Canal the lock is filled for the benefit of the Tonsils and some of the younger Adenoids who are keen on water sports The Adenoids live north of the Cavern country in the district known as the Palatinate shown on very few maps They have the reputation of being snooty folk but get on well with the Tonsils to whom they are distantly related

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THE ENTRANCE LOCK ON THE ALIMENTARY CANAL

of the Gullet horrific and yet inspiring As we slipped into the blackness I gave the order Lights! and my electrician played the beam of his Neveready flash on the livid walls of the canyon Terrible they are in color and texture like rubescent liver splotched with gray fungoids the vertical ridges and serrations being deeply scored by horizontal grooves where some clumsily handled bolus has scraped the sides

In the swiftly moving stream that bore us irresistibly onward faster and ever faster we began to see signs of marine life Shoals of tiny silver neophytes glistening like raindrops sped over the glassy surface a slimy plasma wrapped his long length about our water line pressing in the sides convulsively then fled chirping to his tenebrous nest in the cilia swamps More neophytes evidently in terror flew before our bow Suddenly the cause of their mad migration was made manifest Out of the water directly back of them leaped an enormous phagocyte the Red Terror of the Blood Stream a remorseless killer with three sets of staggered teeth How he had ever swum the tortuous rapids at Epiglottis how he had vaulted the sheer cataract at Thorax will remain a mystery But there he was!

At the same moment to our ears was borne a deep disturbing roar the threatening voice of the Falls where the waters of the Canal plunge headlong onto the polished sides of Adam s Apple!

Once more I felt the *Rubber Duck* quiver from stem to stern I turned from my place in the penthouse to encourage our helmsman He had fainted at the wheel

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CHAPTER VII

AROUND THE OLD APPLE

IT was but the work of a second to leap to the wheel unbutton the helmsman who slumped limply to the deck and bring the *Rubber Duck* once more into mid stream not however without minor damage As we swung about we grazed the ragged edge of a carbuncle which projected from the side wall Razor keen it barely scraped our water line Another fraction of an inch and we would have been ripped from stem to stern

Luckily I had reached the wheel in time for we were just entering the rapids above Epiglottis one of the most dangerous passages in the headwaters of the Canal but simple for one who has negotiated them as often as I For a few hundred yards the going is tumultuous The channel winds erratically and is sown with unexpected obstacles Several times we seemed to be bearing down on wicked reefs or about to be dashed against the living wall but a quick turn of the wheel swept us by in safety One of the gravest elements of danger lay in the traffic for as usual in this part of the trip the way was clogged with many heavy laden food boluses southward bound These clumsy craft took up most of the room They are too heavy to maneuver for position and we had to get by them as best we could

As we whirled alongside one lumbering cargo-carrier loaded to the gunwales with soft shelled crabs we bumped her with terrifying force and I narrowly escaped being plunged into the stream where the hungry phagocytes hung menacingly under our lee A moment later we had slipped into the still waters of the big basin at Thorax-on Gullet Temporarily at least we were out of danger

An inspiring scene of energy and enterprise lay before us Here is the actual port-of-entry of the entire Alimentary System All that had gone before our wanderings through the follicle forests our delving into the rugged passes of the Molars and our embarkation from the stately lock of the Oesophagus all this

paled to insignificance as we gazed across the monumental bay flanked by the twin-cities, Epiglottis and Thorax. Queens of Commerce, they lolled regally on their hills, while at their feet clustered the busy traffic, heavy boluses, graceful blood vessels and darting corpuscles awaiting their proper routing through the ramifications of the vast system.

This ship-basin is one of the most important cross roads in the Interior, for at Epiglottis "cross the bay," as Kipling says, is the gate to the air transport system while Thorax on the opposite shore takes care of the heavier commodities. An elaborate signal arrangement of stop-and-go lighthouses flashes its red and green lights, divides the traffic and regulates its flow. Bright red police corpuscles darted to and fro. Customs officials were busily overhauling some of the boluses.

Epiglottis is a fascinating city, not as populous as Thorax but well worth a visit. It is the musical center of the Interior. Year round opera is a feature of its cultured existence, and its industries are typical of a music loving community. Eustachian tubes, wind pipes, vocal cords and other musical instruments are practically monopolized by Epiglottis.

At Trachea, south of the city, is a magnificent airport and landing field which constitute the entrance into breezy Cardiac County of which Bellows Falls is the capital. The county is closely controlled by the Standard Oxygen Company, which rigidly patrols the frontiers. The inhabitants are exclusively air minded, holding little or no traffic with the farm and river folk who do business in Thorax. At times some of the bolus captains have attempted to smuggle solid supplies into the pneumatic tube system that starts at *Trachea*. News of any such attempt is instantly flashed to the chief operator at Bronxville, the tubes are flooded with air under tremendous pressure and the intruder is blown forcibly back where he belongs, or beyond.

Our way lay through Thorax to the down reaches of the Gullet. As we rested for a time on the placid surface of the basin, I pointed out to my companions the deft manipulation of the traffic and the swift working of the Central Market, its booth [illegible]

[illegible] meats and other provisions. A rigorous in-

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spection is made and any tainted goods that are discovered are immediately routed back up the Canal If the captain manages to sneak them by, either through ignorance or malice, there is always serious trouble further down the line Once while I was visiting the Duodenum of Pylotus at his official residence, he was stricken by an inferior oyster and nearly died of it There was something doing after that, I can tell you

Lurking in the shadow of an old pier I noticed a low lying craft that was clearly avoiding notice Shortly after I saw it glide behind a bolus and slip down-stream. A bootlegger! I knew it the moment I set eyes on it. We were told later that the amount of contraband that gets into the Interior is really appalling

The locks below Thorax were a great relief to my companions who had had enough of rapids for the time being These locks lead the boluses around Thorax Falls, where the Canal drops a hundred and twenty feet against the inner side of Adam's Apple, a smooth, treacherous slope around which traffic must be diverted or perish.

It was my plan to ship our little boat as freight on one of the boluses and make the trip over the Apple by land on the outward side. To this end we abandoned most of our supplies to be reclaimed later on below the Falls, retaining only our climbing outfits alpenstocks, ice-picks, etc.

The Apple, or Old Pip as it is called locally, is a curious interruption in the Grand Canyon of the Gullet Outwardly viewed it is merely a rather disagreeable bump in the silhouette of the Neck. Seen from the Interior it is a glassy red bowlder of enormous size. It was our task to make our way down a sheer surface which after a steep plunge, actually shelves inward. It called for every device of the trained climber and I was thankful for my years on the Fugelhorn and Schmertzenberg where, as a lad, I had the job of echo at a summer hotel

We were roped together, of course. I insisted on leading It was my *expedition* and I could not ask my friends to undergo risks which I would not cheerfully take myself Warning them to dig in carefully and taking a clove-hitch around a vent pipe above the Apple I called "Lower away" Inch by inch I slid over the polished surface and was soon dangling in a sickening void. A hundred feet below me boiled the Canal, spurting out from under



ROUNDING ADAM'S APPLE

CHAPTER VIII

WE FISH FOR PHAGOCYTES

WE were lucky in our choice of lodgings after our strenuous day on Old Pip A "Tourists Accommodated sign on the simple dwelling first attracted us and I may say in passing that the number of such signs as well as those for gas stations and hot-dog stands is becoming a serious menace to the scenic beauty of the Canal and its tributaries I understand that the matter is receiving the attention of the American Institute of Interior Decorators and Landscape Architects whom I wish well

In any case it soon appeared that we had hit on the one man in all South Gizzard best fitted to help us in the sport planned for the next day namely the pursuit of the wily phagocyte Our host was a rough-bearded old fisherman named Lucius Plasma famous for his skill in snaring the rich life of the Canal and the near by Red River

A word is in order regarding the general make up and lay-out of what is too loosely referred to as the Alimentary Canal The Canal while an important factor of the system is still only a part. It gets its impulse from the great Red River, a rushing torrent so swift that it is unnavigable save for its natural inhabitants Through sluiceways and ducts sufficient flow is led into the Canal at different points to insure the movement of the boluses to their destinations Here the current is slower and commerce is possible

River and Canal run roughly parallel although often parting company as at East Kidney and Livermore Much of the river country is very wild civilization clinging to the Canal Many tributaries empty into the Red the most important of which is the Bile This in turn is formed by the confluence of the Gall and the Spleen both of which we planned to investigate

South Gizzard where we tarried owes its existence to its lock below Thorax Falls where the Red River turns sharply to the left and rushes through a narrow gorge the Gizzard itself To fail

the foot of the Apple. By swinging violently I managed to set up a pendulum motion, finally getting a foothold on a slippery boulder, from which I was able to leap ashore. Then, one by one, I hauled my companions down after me. My botanist fell in the stream but I managed to land him.

Below us the churning froth of the Falls broadened out once more. The Canal was itself again. We found our boat, climbed aboard and proceeded down stream, soon reaching the little fishing village of South Gizzard that lay basking in the afternoon sunlight. We were tired and glad to turn in for the night in a fisherman's cottage.

"Get your tackle ready for the morning," I called, and a moment later fell asleep, lulled by the soft lapping of the Canal.

value lies in his unremitting warfare against all interlopers germs bacteria and other little strangers in our midst which he knows instinctively have no right to be there He eats them by the billion.

It is fortunate too that he devours his own young for the roe-phagocyte averages about a million offspring a day under fair weather conditions. Post and McCord in their Old Father Phagocyte" say "In point of progeny the phagocyte has the shad looking like an advocate of race-suicide. The buck phagocyte who mates at all seasons of the year absorbs the over supply of young thus becoming both producer and consumer

Plasma our guide is a real angler who scorns the commercial bait fishing that sustains most of South Gizzard The fishing grounds were in the river just off a narrow neck of land Pellagra Point back of which lies beautiful Claret Cove Never as long as I live will I forget the moment when I first looked into Plasma s fly book. I experienced the thrill known only to the true disciple of Izaak Walton

To the natural forms of the well known bacteria germs and microbes he added just those touches of fantasy and exaggeration that characterize the artist when he happens also to be a fisherman Such color combinations and weird forms I have never seen and I have fished with flies wet and dry for everything from salmon to rubber boots. The Yellow Fever series was a glorious page of color ranging from orange cadmium to lemon yellow The Beri beri Bug was an iridescent blue creation as attractive as the spidery gray and red Cholera Germ was repellent. This last with its shell back and furred legs was according to Lucius the most difficult to tie But for the day which was overcast my mentor decided on a crimson-spotted Tetanus Teaser with long streams that concealed a De Long hook and-eye No 6 My leader was the regulation light steel chain type for which my sturdy McGooey tarpon rod was amply heavy

The idea as explained by Lucius was to paddle within casting distance of the fast water make my cast and if I got a strike play my catch around the point into the cove for he said "you can t kill em out in the stream with the Red River pullin against you If you don t get him out he ll get you in and then " He snapped his jaws together with a suggestiveness that added little to my steadiness as we shoved off

to make the lock and get stuck in the Gizzard is a peril that makes a bolus captain turn blue Yet it will happen from time to time The gluttony of some avaricious shipper will overload a bolus with a heavy cargo The craft, never too tractable, immediately causes trouble In the fast water below the Falls it is very apt to turn sideways In a trice the current seizes it and it is stuck in the Gizzard! Instantly all is an uproar Prompt and effective action is taken to clear away the obstruction The observer at Epiglottis wires the pneumatic control room at Bellows Falls and, presto, the trouble is over But at what a cost! A New York shipper, in 1926 tried to send three boluses through the Gizzard Lock *at the same time*! The backfire that followed cleared the Canal all the way to the Dental Wall Everything was lost and there was no insurance

These catastrophes are not without their minor benefits After they occur parts of the cargo float past the little village, where they are salvaged by the natives But the real reason for South Gizzard's existence is the superb fishing The place is admirably located, being protected from the cyclonic disturbances of the up-river country and the seismic rumblings further to the south

We were up betimes roused by Lucius, who the evening before had inspected our tackle and found it good He brought along his fly book and a gaff, which I had forgotten to include

A word about the phagocyte which we were after He is, as we have said, a killer of the most voracious type Scorning the tender cilia shoots that fringe the shores ignoring the delicate tendrils of the weeping sinews that droop over the river's surface, he relentlessly pursues his own friends and relatives the nearer the better Once he gets a good hold his triple rows of staggered teeth make escape impossible It is better to give up at once rather than tear oneself to pieces on these harrowing barbs although I admit the choice is not an easy one His size they run up to seven feet four and his cup-and ball eyes which give him swivel vision, make him dangerous to all competitors

I cannot say that he is the enemy of mankind for he is one of the most useful scavengers of the Interior Without his insatiable appetite the smaller feeder streams would become clogged with aquatic life, just as the Norwegian fiords fill to the brim with wild herring during the swarming season But the phagocyte's greatest

value lies in his unremitting warfare against all interlopers, germs, bacteria and other little strangers in our midst which he knows instinctively have no right to be there. He eats them by the billion.

It is fortunate, too that he devours his own young for the roe-phagocyte averages about a million offspring a day under fair weather conditions Post and McCord, in their "Old Father Phagocyte" say, "In point of progeny the phagocyte has the shad looking like an advocate of race-suicide. The buck phagocyte, who mates at all seasons of the year, absorbs the over-supply of young, thus becoming both producer and consumer

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We were not using the *Rubber Duck* which would have stretched too far into the current in the grip of the stream but were in a flat bottomed corpuscle maneuvered by our guide

You handle the phag and I ll handle the boat he said I promised to do my best With the greatest caution Plasma poled us forward while my companions ran to various vantage points with gaff landing net boat hook and camera As we neared the treacherous swirl impressed as I was with the very real danger we were in I could not fail to admire the loveliness of the scene about me Turning my head from side to side I took it all in I am funny that way Danger heightens my appreciation of natural beauty When the British tanker *Guinness s Best* exploded in the Channel I turned to the First Mate and said just before the ship went down What a heavenly night it is! So it was on this occasion

The purple chromatin the bloodbane of our grandmothers day was in flower and gorgeous masses of it drooped over the banks Shy varicose violets nestled in the hollows The cilia stalks stroked my water line with their feathery fronds From the gloom of the nerve forest peered quaint woodland creatures An embryo sent its soft glph glph across the dark waters It was a scene to see and never to forget

Plasma s flair for flies was splendidly vindicated When the prow of the corpuscle was about seventy feet from the stream my favorite casting distance Plasma back poled and I let go using the old St Maurice wind up with the secondary wrist flick that adds distance and all sorts of direction It was a pretty cast if I do say it As the Tetanus Teaser spiraled toward the surface an enormous buck phagocyte rose to meet it

He was a gleaming tower of gold for the phag is the titan of the goldfish family just as the whale is a giant minnow His portholes curious openings in his sides shone like lighted windows The leader rattled against his teeth for he had inhaled the fly good and plenty His first plunge threw me against the thwarts and flattened out my lunch which I had in a side pocket but I hung on gave him plenty of body English and we were off boiling down stream while Plasma skillfully yawed the corpuscle from side to side with increasing tugs toward the cove

Following the line of most insistence the phagocyte yielded to the painful persuasion of my pulls He seemed to decide sud



I LAND MY FIRST PHAGOCYTE

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CHAPTER IX

A VISIT TO EPIDERMIS

So fascinating is the neighborhood of the Gizzards that we decided to stay on for a few days Let me urge others to do like wise In the case of many travelers through the Canal System I note a deplorable tendency to hurry through If your time is so limited it is foolish to try to see everything in one flying trip Shortly after you have returned to the Exterior your memories are mere scrambled impressions You cannot even remember where your snapshots were taken You have rushed through the Molars, glanced at the Oesophagus, dashed across the harbor at Thorax, tumbled down the Gullet and visited most of the triple-starred attractions in your guide-book. Perhaps you have a hazy recollection of the Bay of Fundus and the Crimson Grotto That is all You are as vague as the young American who said, "I had a fine time in Paris, so they tell me" It is far better to see less and see it more thoroughly

After our stirring day in Claret Cove we were content to loaf about the village or angle in the shaded pools for the game little leucocytes, a delicious type of whitebait, sporty but not as strenuous as the big phags The method of catching them is, more accurately seining rather than fishing, but it is not without its own excitement They are nimble little fellows Being double-ended they can swim in either direction with equal facility A large school can reverse itself with amazing rapidity, so that accurate net casting is not as easy as it sounds After all, catching them is rather futile as they blow up when removed from their native element. Their physical structure is a most exquisitely delicate example of piscatorial design They are boneless, like some of the highly developed types of sardine, and their silvery white skin of gossamer thinness can not withstand the inrush of oxygen that follows their capture As the net is hauled inboard they begin to swell and burst, so that the process is not unlike landing a mess of popcorn. After

denly that the cove was his sanctuary for with a terrific rush he darted past us on the right and we were yanked around the point like the tail of a kite The big fight was on Up to now I had gentled him for he had the current on his side In the still water I could fight him I began to take up the slack but time and again I had to give up all I had gained as my adversary put on a show of his own Then would begin the slow process of retaking my objectives the yards of line that had sung out through the reel

It was a war of attrition For five hours by my Bullova watch the battle went on Then my adversary seemed suddenly to weaken It was only a ruse In a blinding flash of crimson foam he resorted to his last desperate expedient Calling on all his waning reserves he rose grandly from the cove whipped himself into a circle and caught the tip of his tail over the front row of teeth! With a convulsive shake he drew in more of his own body Row B in the incisor circle was now embedded

Break him! Break him! yelled Plasma I had played him close enough to shore so that my companions could lean out and smite him fiercely on the jaws His swivel eyes were spinning a sign that the end was near Slowly the dripping vise relaxed and with a deep sigh he loosed his hold As he fell heavily into the water his portholes dimmed to a cool gray The fight was over Six feet ten he was crammed to the gills with assorted bacteria Plasma would not let us come near him until the cleaning process was finished Keep away until I ve got this muck off to the disposal plant he said

Commenting on my victim s last stand he said They ll do that nine times out of ten when they know they re licked Seem to want to spite you I had em inch up on themselves so that all I ve caught was the head

I had this splendid specimen mounted and presented it to my friend Dr Traprock It hangs over the dining room mantel of the Derby homestead By now I understand the Doctor claims that he caught it himself

regularly enrolled members of the Pancreatic League are granted roving commissions. Others must keep within bounds and turn over all passengers and merchandise to a new set of officials at each frontier This means that many fees must be paid as one goes along which greatly increases the cost of Interior exploration

This same tendency is rife among the guides from the Exterior who lead parties into the mysterious regions along the Canal. Each specializes in a definite location the Oral Cavern the Cardiac country or the Nerve forests. Nothing can induce him to venture into any other section No he must turn his client over to another guide to whom large payments must be made. These guides hang together like grim death and it seems impossible to break down the system

A quiet well mannered young man took the wheel at West Gizzard and we were soon spinning into the more rugged muscular terrain of the *banlieu* or outer-circuit The pulmotor functioned splendidly and at Corium where we got out to stretch our legs, I peered under the hood to admire the compact four-cylinder, valve-in-head engine which operates on natural gas Plasma had done well to engage the car for us. Much of the traffic in the neighborhood is controlled by the Locomotor Taxi Company, whose cars are by no means as reliable as the privately rented pulmotors.

It was at Corium that we first noticed the remarkable freshness and buoyancy of the air in striking contrast to the heavier atmosphere of the Red River Valley We found this ozone of the higher altitudes so exhilarating that we were actually giddy and lurched about the car laughing immoderately at trivialities of no intrinsic humor In their scholarly "The Laws of Laughter, Crosse and Blackwell suggest that man s tendency to giggle at ineptitudes in dreams is probably due to the presence in his interior, at or near Corium of traveling parties such as ours of which he is the entirely unconscious host—a point by the way which Freud has entirely muffed.

Beyond Corium the country is dotted with small oil wells These supplied our lubricant and from them Nature herself obtains the gas which was our motive power In the Interior the same discussion is going on with which we of the outer world are familiar At times there seems to be an over supply of gas. It wells up in a great gusher that is almost uncontrollable At other times

the explosion nothing is left but the tiny eyes about the size of delphinium seeds which are of no use whatever

The leucocytes come into Claret Cove at a regular hour every morning swimming on the surface in open formation They feed on the constantly forming efflorescence In this habit they are al most identical with the dew fish of Polynesia which skim the dew from the lagoons at sunrise

But such sport however interesting could not detain us long *We welcomed our host s suggestion of a motor excursion to the* outer limit of the Interior via Route 3 which branches to the West at South Gizzard Main roads throughout the Interior have been developed to a high state of perfection Deeply built and thor oughly drained they are surfaced with a concrete of which the *mix formula is one part water two parts gravel and three parts* crushed gallstone This splendid stone is mined in large quantities in the Kidney country It is a fine-grained alluvial shale adaptable in its various forms and sizes to all kinds of masonry work As it comes from the crushers at East Kidney it is a natural cement quick setting and tremendously strong Great care is exercised to *prevent any of this material from seeping into the drainage and* irrigation sluices for it hardens instantly when submerged to the painful derangement of the circulation of boluses disposal scows and empties returning to the port of entry

At nine o clock on a bright morning a neat five-passenger pulmotor stood purring at our door and we piled in taking along only our cameras and a compressed air game getter for this was a sight seeing rather than a *hunting expedition* Passing through Gizzard Center the road wound its way *through a pleasant well* watered land The tinkling of hundreds of feeder streams filled the air nor were bird-songs lacking to augment and embroider Na*ture s symphony For the first time my companions heard the low* astonished whistle of crested papilla or necklace bird which lays its eggs in strings like laying a cable as my ornithologist acutely put it

At West Gizzard Plasma was forced to leave us He explained regretfully what I already knew that the regulations of the Cen tral Government at Braintree were very strict in regard to con fining the inhabitants of the various sections to their own terri tories Certain groups such as the bolus-captains union and

regularly enrolled members of the Pancreatic League are granted roving commissions Others must keep within bounds and turn over all passengers and merchandise to a new set of officials at each frontier This means that many fees must be paid as one goes along which greatly increases the cost of Interior exploration

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alarmists raise the bogey of a possible shortage But from what we saw there seems to be no reason to fear any immediate exhaustion

We were soon to learn the reason for the increasing atmospheric keenness, for at Epidermis, the terminal of the route we came in sight of one of the great ventilating plants of the Interior We had now reached a point directly back of the extreme outer wall, the last frontier Penetrating it were thousands of tiny port holes through which a sweet, cool breeze was blowing We were looking at human pores from the inside!

We have all seen batteries of skylights, factory windows and ventilating louvers operating over the extended areas of arenas exposition buildings and armories, but all such installations are as simple as a wheelbarrow compared with the intricate mechanism which spread its network of pipes, arms ratchets and chains over the limitless expanse of the outer wall The power house itself was an impressively trim affair of gallstone ashlar with chalk detail It housed a perfect system of thermostatic control A delicate needle traced a thin red graph, and as we watched its minute oscillations we noted a corresponding tremble in the thousands of pore shutters The chief engineer, as oily as all his tribe, was helpfully amiable

"Would you like to take a peek outside? he asked

Would we! We jumped at the chance He led us up a long ladder to a narrow pipe-railed gallery The whole place reeked with oil, for the millions of hinges must be constantly lubricated "Don't stick your heads out, he warned and keep your hands inside "

Clutching the hand rail that ran under the sills we peered through Our eyes, unaccustomed to the dazzling light of the exterior, only gradually began to recognize familiar objects The first thing to emerge from the blaze in front of me was a soap-dish looking grotesquely enormous at close range Then I distinguished the edge of a marble partition and two shining wheel faucets labeled 'Hot and Cold

"We're in a shower bath! whispered my camera man

As he spoke we heard a rush as of a cloudburst and tons of icy water rushed past the pore openings splashing into our faces

"Look out! yelled the engineer as the thousands of shutters closed with a bang! We had witnessed a striking demonstration of

the perfection of our sensitive ventilating system We were fortu nate to come through the experience without a bumped head or crushed finger Some fenestration! I ejaculated

"Yes agreed the engineer it s simple but good They ve tried all kinds of new fangled gadgets—revolving doors fans blowers and what not but give me the old fashioned pore every time When she shuts she shuts!

Truly I thought as we rolled homeward we are fearfully and wonderfully made!

CHAPTER X

A MOTHER'S FIGHT FOR HER YOUNG

DURING the return trip from Epidermis while we were still marveling at what we had just seen our chauffeur gave us further information as to its workings with which he was thoroughly familiar

As fine as it is he said and as well handled it sometimes gets caught flat footed This is usually when the pores are wide open as you saw them to-day There is a sudden drop in the temperature outside something goes wrong with the thermostatic control and the pores don t close as quick as they should I ve known whole sets of pores to stick what with having the oil on em thicken up and it takes difficult outside work to clean em up and get em working nice Meanwhile the cold air is flowing down from the high country This meets the warm currents rising from the valley The first thing that does is to make a fog I guess you folks have met people that acted like they was full of fog haven t you?

Lots of them I admitted

Well the chances are they are he said Then again this meeting of hot and cold starts little whirligigs of air cavorting around the country They don t amount to much at first but it s dangerous to let em get started because they speed up Two or three of em get together until they ve made up a regular whirl wind And they re bound they ll get outside too which they usually do as a sneeze a cough or a gollop

The sneeze then I said is a miniature tornado?

Not so miniature he answered In the sort of close quarters where they happen they make quite an explosion You folks must have realized that at the high point in a sneeze just when you get rid of that great big choo! there s a moment when you don t know much of anything And it s sort of pleasant too

"How true that is! exclaimed our botanist I know nothing more gratifying than that coming out of a sneeze

"Sometimes two sneezes meet he continued If they are revolving in the same direction they either combine like I said or fall in line one after the other and a procession of too many of them can be pretty wearing If they are whirling in opposite directions they will sometimes put each other out of business entirely or they get drawn up some alley or vent-duct where they are suffocated That s what the folks down here call a fade-away sneeze"

I know nothing more discouraging!" cried the ornithologist "To be all set for a perfectly magnificent sneeze and then have it not come off! It s maddening"

"Gollops are different said our driver They form somewhere near a gas station and they act on impulse as I might say Pop! and they re out There s an old saying in the county 'You can t keep a good gollop down

"I ve noticed that I said Go on Your story fascinates me

"There isn t much more to tell he said modestly "Sometimes these disturbances drift off to the southward where they die away in distant thunder

"I ve heard them cried our camera man "They always remind me of Rip Van Winkle bowling with the little old gentlemen."

"You ll probably visit the Colon country later he continued. "It s run by a big boss the Great Omentum who like the Hoyo de Monterey "

"Hark! interrupted the bird lover 'what s that?

We were passing through a narrow gorge known as the Crop From the nerve thickets that hedged the road came sharp staccato cries accompanied by venomous hissing Somewhere in the tangled underbrush a battle was going on—one of those fights to the finish that are the fate of all denizens of the wild

Our driver brought the pulmotor to a quiet stop Hopping out we headed in the direction of the conflict. The nerves through which we made our way were of the low-growing sensitive type that shrank from our *touch* with curling fronds Had we been in the Lumbar Region of the big hardwood nerves where the thorny ganglia knit their impenetrable mesh ours had been a different

story As it was, we soon reached an open vale where, in the spreading branches of gnarled thymus, we beheld a dramatic spectacle

A large red capillary was trying to rob the nest of a papilla Already he had dragged out half of the egg necklace, which he had wrapped about his repulsive body He was now trying to add more weight to his burden *His greediness was his undoing Had he* been content to make two trips, severing the string, he might have succeeded, but, no, he must have it all at once

As he clung to the blue bark of the thymus, head downward and all snarled up in eggs, he was a brilliant target for the enraged papilla, who time and again pierced him with her barbed beak, uttering, as she did so, her shrill war-cry, "*kraa kraa*" Crest bristling, eyes blazing, she was a formidable adversary, but it was her beak that did the business, for as she yanked out the barb the capillary's life-yolk oozed slowly away Soon the furry pelt collapsed like a discouraged *soufflé* and fell from the folds of the necklace, which the mother bird skillfully hoisted back into the nest As we turned toward the car we heard once more her brooding, maternal flutings

"Capillaries are devils," said our guide "They creep up from the Haversian Canal, where they live on the poor little gelatinoids They really haven t any business on land, but they like to try it, *for they have the power of charming some of the birds A yellow* xanthos, for instance, will topple right over when he sees one But not the papilla not by a glandful"

The nerve brush, which had resumed its normal position, again drew away *disdainfully as we passed*

"It's humiliating to have vegetation high hat you like that," said our botanist, "but nothing can be done about it Nerves will be nerves By the way," he added, as we resumed our journey, "that thymus *tree where the nest was is an interesting freak After it* reaches maturity it begins to grow smaller An old specimen will disappear entirely During its fruitful years it bears a crop of undersized yeast balls of which the papilla is very fond The papilla also eats thousands of the cuticles that ravage— *Holy smoke!* Look yonder!"

We had wound our way out of the Crop to the edge of a high plateau beneath which nestled Corium Beyond lay the vast Red *River Valley*, a gorgeous panorama of varying shades of red, the

basic color of the Interior In the picture before us there was red in all its combinations and mutations in the coral of the cilia swamps the vermilion of the river and the purple of the sinewy shores He who would limn this landscape must command a florid palette Rembrandt painting a side of beef in the molten sunlight of a Flemish butcher shop caught something of the sanguine splendor of that glowing view It was the evening hour On the horizon mere specks on a crimson ribbon we could see the boluses creeping southward to the sea The distant hamlets of West and South Gizzard glowed like carbuncles in a liver and rose setting

Our road skirted the edge of the plateau before it plunged down into Corium Trudging along the way were bands of work men from the nearby marrow pits They gave us jolly greeting as we sped past Near the Control where we stopped to fill up with gas and oil we came across old Plasma He embraced us like long lost brothers On the way home he babbled incessantly and steered an erratic course Also about him hung an alkaline aura that was faintly familiar The answer was obvious He had been making merry with old friends in Corium The old chap was loaded to the mud-guards with gastric juice the most seductive and potent beverage known to man!

CHAPTER XI

I TACKLE THE AORTA

BEFORE leaving the Gizzard district although the South was calling with all its siren lure I felt that I must take my party up to the great Central Pumping Station at Hartsdale This plant the most important of its kind in the entire system lies a few miles south by west of the Gizzard on the southern edge of Cardiac County

Plasma drove us as far as the Control at Skeletis where his liberty of action ceased He relinquished the wheel to a rough-clad native of the Inter-costal Provinces who despite his unprepos sessing appearance proved a capable cicerone With seeming non chalance he tooled the pulmotor over the winding road that followed the banks of the Lymph a sluggish feeder stream that ultimately empties into the Aorta

Almost as we pulled out of South Gizzard the northerly breeze blowing from the Cardiacs bore to us the steady throb of the huge reciprocal engines at their ceaseless task in distant Hartsdale The tremendous responsibility undertaken by the Hartsdale Station cannot be overemphasized I have mentioned that the Canal owes its flow to the Red River but this is not a simple gravity propo sition which would be entirely insufficient to keep things moving Were the added impulse of the Hartsdale plant lacking the con gestion and ultimate backing up of the traffic that would result are unpleasant to think of

Steadily the sound of the powerful engines grew louder as we sped on

Never shut down said our guide dourly Day and night they re at it those fellows and no pay for overtime

I judged that he had at one time worked in the plant and had been fired but perhaps I do him an injustice As we skirted the Inter-costal boundary the road developed roller-coaster tenden cies Up and down we shot the light pulmotor kicking up her tail

jauntily as we cleared the crests of the Ribs picturesque parallel ridges that are a feature of Route 6 A few miles further north the Lymph wandered off on its own hook. We were nearing our destination and the throb of the engines shook the very atmosphere After another mile along the fine crushed gallstone highway Hartsdale lay before us.

It is difficult to convey to those who have never seen it an adequate idea of the weird plant at which we gazed. Dominating the hamlet of clustering cottages its domed and baggy bulk rose superbly over the surrounding landscape From it ran fantastic and contorted pipe-lines traps vents supplies valves sumps soils ducts and branches All these and the building itself trembled with the forces imprisoned within Its very sides seemed to dilate and contract with the beat of the dynamos

On the side facing us there appeared to be no outlet We crossed a light bridge of cartilage and tendon construction that hung like a spider web over the Lymph, now returned from its wanderings in the Inter-costal Hills With a sudden drop the milky river dumped its bulk into a sluice that ran into the plant itself Hugging the banks I saw masses of capillaries those egg-eating marauders which predatory though they are have as their important mission the keeping of the Lymph free from impurities

"Is there any way of getting in the place? I asked our guide

"Sure" he said. But I won t go in I ve seen it enough already You ll find a door round on the other side

There it was with a sign over it Keep Out" I opened it cautiously My friend h lad h l

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unseer c s ucjoi u Near a push button on a dark red slab was a card reading "Ring I did so A concealed door opened swiftly to admit a ruddy old gentleman with an alert but somewhat harassed appearance

"More visitors he cried with a touch of peevishness "More visitors! I suppose you want to see how the pump works—see how we keep things moving? Who and what are you? Specialists?

CHAPTER XI

I TACKLE THE AORTA

BEFORE leaving the Gizzard district, although the South was calling with all its siren lure, I felt that I must take my party up to the great Central Pumping Station at Hartsdale. This plant, the most important of its kind in the entire system, lies a few miles south by west of the Gizzard on the southern edge of Cardiac County.

Plasma drove us as far as the Control at Skeletis, where his liberty of action ceased. He relinquished the wheel to a rough-clad native of the Inter-costal Provinces who, despite his unprepossessing appearance, proved a capable cicerone. With seeming nonchalance he tooled the pulmotor over the winding road that followed the banks of the Lymph, a sluggish feeder stream that ultimately empties into the Aorta.

Almost as we pulled out of South Gizzard the northerly breeze blowing from the Cardiacs bore to us the steady throb of the huge reciprocal engines at their ceaseless task in distant Hartsdale. The tremendous responsibility undertaken by the Hartsdale Station cannot be overemphasized. I have mentioned that the Canal owes its flow to the Red River, but this is not a simple gravity proposition, which would be entirely insufficient to keep things moving. Were the added impulse of the Hartsdale plant lacking, the congestion and ultimate backing up of the traffic that would result are unpleasant to think of.

Steadily the sound of the powerful engines grew louder as we sped on.

"Never shut down," said our guide dourly. "Day and night they're at it, those fellows, and no pay for overtime."

I judged that he had at one time worked in the plant and had been fired, but perhaps I do him an injustice. As we skirted the Inter-costal boundary, the road developed roller-coaster tendencies. Up and down we shot, the light pulmotor kicking up her tail

jauntily as we cleared the crests of the Ribs picturesque parallel ridges that are a feature of Route 6 A few miles further north the Lymph wandered off on its own hook We were nearing our desti nation and the throb of the engines shook the very atmosphere After another mile along the fine crushed gallstone highway, Hartsdale lay before us

It is difficult to convey to those who have never seen it an adequate idea of the weird plant at which we gazed Dominating the hamlet of clustering cottages its domed and baggy bulk rose superbly over the surrounding landscape From it ran fantastic and contorted pipe-lines traps vents supplies valves sumps soils ducts and branches. All these and the building itself trembled with the forces imprisoned within Its very sides seemed to dilate and contract with the beat of the dynamos

On the side facing us there appeared to be no outlet We crossed a light bridge of cartilage and tendon construction that hung like a spider web over the Lymph now returned from its wanderings in the Inter-costal Hills With a sudden drop the milky river dumped its bulk into a sluice that ran into the plant itself Hugging the banks I saw masses of capillaries those egg-eating marauders which predatory though they are have as their impor tant mission the keeping of the Lymph free from impurities

Is there any way of getting in the place? I asked our guide

Sure he said But I won t go in I ve seen it enough al ready You ll find a door round on the other side

There it was with a sign over it Keep Out I opened it cautiously My friends hustled in back of me and we stood near *the entrance* embarrassed but eager We were in an immaculate outer office wainscoted from floor to ceiling with what appeared to be polished liver It made a most effective finish and reminded me a little of the lobby of the Chrysler Building in New York *Here there* was no mistake the walls actually moved in unison with the unseen powers beyond Near a push button on a dark red slab was a card reading "Ring I did so A concealed door opened swiftly to admit a ruddy old gentleman with an alert but somewhat harassed appearance

More visitors! he cried with a touch of peevishness More visitors! I suppose you want to see how the pump works—*see how* we keep things moving? Who and what are you? Specialists?

poets? . . come in here and expect to find the place full of sediment, the last thing we'd have!"

I handed him my card His whole manner changed

"Pardon me! Delighted, I'm sure My name's Systole . . . Systole and Diastole, contracting and expanding engineers We laid out this plant and have been running it, man and boy, ever since it was built This way, gentlemen"

We surged after him I could see that the old fellow was proud of the plant and I soon understood why After going through two water tight compartments in which the air grew noticeably denser, we came out on the Pericardium or visitor's gallery We were looking into a human heart!

Below us in a deep pit toiled one of the great dynamos, the oddest and most flexible machine I have ever seen or imagined Flexibility, in fact, is the keynote of the Hartsdale Plant Nothing is rigid or fixed Storage tanks, boiler rooms pipe connections and ducts, all are in constant motion If you have seen a set of bagpipes in labor you will have some idea of what we looked at Pulsating, contracting dilating, surging to and fro with tremendous power and perfect rhythm, the partitions of the engine-room and the engine itself closed in and expanded, pressing and releasing the sides of enormous suction pumps fed by a torrent of sanguinary supply that roared through an eighteen inch intake on the opposite wall

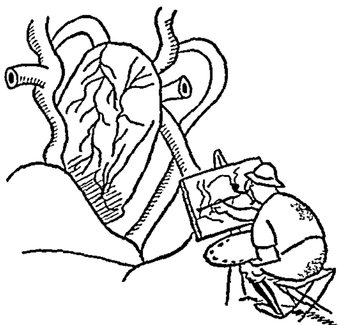
As the bubbling pool at the bottom was depleted, it was as rapidly replenished by the supply The intake gurgled and spouted as the exhaust sucked hoarsely Content gauges on the wall fluctuated but maintained a fairly constant level

"It's all screened and filtered, shouted Systole over the din "It comes in pretty scummy sometimes lots of sediment and whatnot Look here"

We darted through a passage into another unit labeled Left Ventricle ' It was deluged by an even more powerful stream that was clotted by floating bits of débris

"Sediment," yelled the now interested Systole, pointing to a mass of bubbling algæ 'We have to get it all out before the stuff is fit to use"

How can I possibly describe the intricacies and entrancements of that marvelous organization Systole was indefatigable Scaling



THE CENTRAL PUMPING STATION AT HARTSDALE

ladders creeping through trap-doors crawling along passages, he showed us the Hartsdale Plant from top to bottom Finally, in a quiet guest parlor in the North Auricle he introduced us to his partner Diastole and together they gave us a vague idea of the unremitting care, the eternal vigilance that they must exercise or inevitably lose their jobs

One failure and we re out," said old Diastole with a touch of weariness in his voice Oh I don t mean we can t miss a beat once in a while but it mustn t be many or there s the devil to pay"

Yes said Systole and we can t kick about it either If we even murmur there s trouble and some one starts an investigation There was a fellow round here last week listening in on us"

"Thought we were speeding her up too fast, snorted Diastole "as if it was our fault The engine is a good old bird even if she is only a four-cylinder We can keep her to sixty for a spell, but some folks try to force it so'

poets? come in here and expect to find the place full of sediment the last thing we d have!

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The atmosphere lifted perceptibly.

"This way, brother"

By devious galleries we reached a silent tank room in which lay a tiny submersible. My companions stood watching

"You do this entirely on your own responsibility," warned Systole as I lowered myself into the manhole.

"Absolutely," I answered.

"You have to go through the main bivalve," he said, "Take it easy and for pity's sake don't turn on any power until you feel the current slacken. Then you should be in Aorta Bay unless . ."

"Cheerio!" I cried, waving to my companions and hauling down the manhole cover "See you in South Gizzard!"

The sub quivered, moved forward and was suddenly wrenched through the bivalve into the main current of the Aorta, the most powerful stream in the Interior I was on my way, but where?

"That's the truth," said his confrère "You'd be surprised what some people ask that engine to do I worked for a man up in Bronxville once who blew a gasket and cracked two cylinders on an engine only forty two years old"

"That's the dangerous time," said the other sagely "You got to begin to spare the bearings then, and most folks don't How old are you, mister?

"Forty five," I said, lying modestly And I want to go up the Aorta"

There was a poignant, an almost tragic silence

"Up the Aorta! whispered Diastole

"At your age! murmured Systole

"Yes, gentlemen," I said firmly "All my life I have repeated to myself the refrain of that fine old song, Where the heart is, the lungs are close by" Make no mistake, I know what this request means I realize that in entering Cardiac County by way of the Aorta, I take my life in my hands I know that one cannot penetrate the Pulmonary Peaks by the river route without running the risk of being dashed to pieces I accept the challenge I will leave my friends with you Let them return to South Gizzard where, if I get through, I will meet them I could not allow them to share these perils with me Time and again I have tried to break into Cardiac County from Epiglottis but

Diastole shook his head It can t be done, he said You d be blown to atoms

Wouldn t have the chance of a skunk in a cologne factory, said Systole

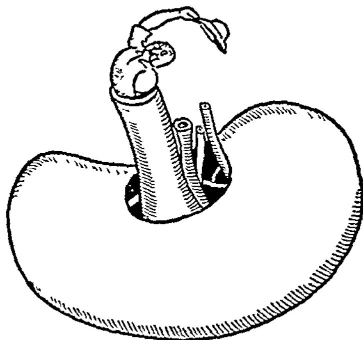
"And yet, gentlemen, I urged, you can make it possible Don t tell me that the firm of Systole and Diastole can t think up some way by which I can make this trip If not I took my Scout knife out of my pocket and opened up its formidable can opener I suppose I might try cutting my way through with this

The partners paled pathetically

"For Heaven s sake, put that thing away said Systole One prick in the side walls of this room and we re all done for!

"C-c-can you handle a s s-sub b-b-b-bub? trembled Diastole

"Can I? I retorted I was on Channel duty all through the War"



THE ONE MAN SUB IN WHICH I NAVIGATED THE AORTA

neling It was a daring but wise decision of the Chief Engineer's not to humor the mighty river but to browbeat it.

Believe me I was fully occupied when we first set out. With the weight of engine and occupant both amidships the sub frequently spun on her axis like a top Once in a while I timidly touched the steering disc to keep her nosed down, remembering Systole s warning to stay under until calmer conditions prevailed. Gradually a quieter motion developed and I peered eagerly into the little shaving-mirror attached to my periscope. For a long time this had only reflected Stygian darkness The fear gripped me that I had broken off the end of the thing I knew the stream to be teeming with phagocytes and I began to feel like a blind Daniel in a den of wide-awake lions. But now the glass cleared slightly I could see parallel lines of crimson foam streaking along with me. Through these vague forms became visible.

CHAPTER XII

IN CARDIAC COUNTY

WELL aware of the dangers ahead I was still so keen to see the breezy Cardiac country that I already discounted all possible perils For the time being also I was too fully occupied with present difficulties to think of those of the future Of all cranky things to handle a one man or solo-sub takes the prize A Sunday newspaper in a high wind is child s play compared with it

The engine of the craft that had been entrusted to me was practically in my lap It drummed a steady tattoo but I was forced to tuck my legs under me to keep my knees off the cylinders The steering arrangement which I carefully avoided touching during the early stages of my trip later proved to be admirable A small disc mounted on a universal joint turned to right or left tipped up or down on the bias elicited an immediate response from the ship Since testing the perfection of this mechanism I have been working on a combination of a Ouija board and the ordinary steering wheel which I hope to sell to General Motors if they are ever able to buy anything But as I say for the present in the first rush of the Aorta from the pumping station steering was out of the question

When the bivalve was opened I had been sucked into the stream at a muzzle velocity of about sixty feet a second The Aorta unlike most rivers flows up quite a steep hill for the first fourth of its course To force one s way downstream *against* the current is as difficult as walking down a rising escalator which I have tried several times with indifferent success It is a geographical necessity that the Aorta *should be coerced in this way* As we *know* the main opening of the Alimentary Canal lies at Thorax-on Gullet Between Thorax and Hartsdale rise the two pulsating plateaux of wind swept Cardiac County To detour the supply stream around these spongy elevations would be well nigh impossible The inhabitants themselves have consistently voted against tun

Some distance out from the shore her red corpuscle mirrored in the bay an attractive young fisherwoman was hauling in a net of gastroids Unconscious of my presence she began singing softly O Caro Lunghi a lovely melody with which I was entirely familiar I hummed a discreet baritone of which she seemed unconscious until our blended voices sank to the beautiful final chord Then suddenly aware of my presence she seized her oars and disappeared around a jetty Long shall I cherish the memory of this fair daughter of the Aorta

Through the narrow streets of Bellows Falls blew alternating currents of considerable force as regular as clockwork in their action But I knew this regularity to be deceptive The Cardiacs as I have intimated are extremely sensitive isolated and aloof Johnson and Faulkner in their Internal Airways call Epiglottis the Gibraltar of the Gullet I knew that my presence in the city would be bitterly resented I would receive the short shrift of a spy and I acted accordingly

Having gotten this far I would not have turned back even had it been possible Come what may I would see something of this strange country now I was in it My one hope was that the fisher*maid* would not spread the news of the apparition she had seen Something in the backward glance she cast in my direction made me suspect that she would hold her tongue She might even return but who knows?

In any case she would not find me This was no time for philandering Submerging I lay under the bay until nightfall when I cautiously tooled my way into a dark cannule or slip made fast *and* noiselessly tiptoed ashore in my stocking feet Like a wraith I made my way through the side streets of the sleeping town Soon the open country lay before me and what a country!

I had read of the desolation of these high heaving plains but I had never anticipated anything so forlorn so utterly bleak It was the semi lunar period and the moon in tricuspid cast a sickly light over the uplands that rolled mournfully away to the Pulmonary Peaks Siberia in its most dismal districts is a county fair in comparison with these abandoned mesas.

And yet i is not lacking *in a stark beauty of its own* Undraped by verdure pocked and scored with thousands of tiny craters the rubbery resilient terrain reminded me of nothing so

It was as I thought phagocytes! A faint chill ran up my spine and out through the periscope It was this sight spout that was my chief concern If one of these river devils should snip off my optic end I was a gone explorer But I had reckoned without the ingenuity and foresight of Systole and Diastole, Inc Not only was the spout itself made of extra heavy wrought iron five-inch soil pipe Byers Co , or equal but it was further protected by sharp spikes throughout its entire length One hardy marauder did attempt to bite off a yard or two I felt the sub shake and heard a grinding sound followed by suppressed whimpering A moment later a shamefaced roe-phagocyte swam across the shining mirror with three of her outboard teeth dangling

I had been conscious for two hours of the steady lifting of the river bed as well as the slackening of speed Now I became aware of a sudden acceleration a swift downward momentum I had passed the Great Divide of the Diaphragm and was coasting at lightning speed down into Cardiac Bay

Bracing my feet gripping the steering disc and putting my foot on the emergency brake I sat back and waited Nor had I long to wait With the blinding impact of ten shoot the-chutes, the sub and I plunged down, down down, into depths beyond the reach of the most powerful stethoscope The pressure on the sub s sides was terrific With cracking joints she began to assume the shape of a flounder I pictured myself flattened like a pansy in a memory book but thank Heaven she held! As we rose slowly to the surface her flanks and mine resumed their normal rotundity, a pale crimson ray glowed from the mirror and on its clearing surface I saw the placid expanse of Cardiac Bay and the tidy town of Bellows Falls in the distance I had won out

Stepping on the self starter and tilting the disc I came to surface, raised the manhole cover and looked about It was a peaceful picture, most gratifying after the stress and strain of my passage through the Aorta Back of me as far as my eye could reach stretched the glassy slope of that last furious slide down which I had coasted Bellows Falls basked indolently in the afternoon sun

canal opening at Pulman a suburb of Trachea which led most directly back to the Gizzards. And about Trachea were the most dangerous waters I could approach!

Ah there was my opening, just to the left of the Trachea breakwater! I crept toward it through the dawn and had almost gained the narrow cannule entrance when my waiting lady friend spied me In an instant she had guessed my plan of escape "Hell knows no fury etc." Piercing screams shivered the silence

Throwing the sub into high I made a bold break for the Gizzard Branch and dashed under the archway just as a howling gale burst out of Bellows Falls and a terrific suction pulled most of the bay from under me into the Bronx Tube It was the narrowest squeak I had ever gone through Glancing back at the corpuscle that bore the unfortunate woman I saw it drawn with hideous, implacable force toward the implacable Bronx She was hoist by her own petard!

much as a vast expanse of tripe I shuddered for tripe has always given me the creeps Past me through the night flitted an occasional râle with his rattling croak

Floundering over the slippery soil I felt a cold dampness creeping up my ankles My socks were dark red from the countless little streams that flowed between the hillocks

A golfer s hell I thought nothing but wind wet and cuppy lies!

Somewhere in the wastes lay the southern airport at Pleura and one of the big plants of the Consolidated Oxygen Company At Trachea to the North was the affiliated Carbon Dioxide Corporation of which I was a shareholder until I was sold out

I had had enough It was all too grisly for me Dawn was creeping over the Pulmonaries as I stole back to my bobbing sub and slipped aboard

I was none too soon As I look back I think I might have foreseen trouble but absorbed in scientific work I had neglected to figure on human psychology The near cause of my undoing was the buxom Daughter of the Aorta As I had half suspected she might she has returned in her corpuscle for a possible rendezvous under the tricuspid moon! Not finding me she began a careful search of the bay rowing hither and yon raising now and again a plaintive stave of O Caro Lunghi Baying at the moon is all very well under certain circumstances but this time it could get her nowhere Partially protected by the maid s moaning I cast off and with muffled motor got under way

And now to complicate matters another great anxiety loomed The exits from Cardiac Bay are many They go in countless directions My grave danger lay in either picking the wrong one or in being discovered before I reached the right one and in being blown through the Bronx Tube at Trachea back to my original starting place at Thorax The inevitable damage both to me and to my reputation put me in a cold sweat

Knowing the coastline only from a crude chart which I found in the ship s locker I gentled the sub along the shore picking out the crypts caves tunnels and tubes through which the impounded bay was sucked greedily to all parts of the Interior I located the main lines *running to Corona Brachia* like the Bay of Fundus Pylorus and Colon But I must find the minor



MY CAMERA MAN SNAPS AN EIGHT POUND GASTROID

the annual Gathering of the Glands which takes place in September just after Labor Day It is almost their only contact with the larger world of the Interior

"The milk business is shot said a sturdy old drover "Our output for the last year wouldn t keep a kitten alive I don t know what people drink nowadays but it isn t milk

Just at sundown after a strenuous trip down the Red River I swung my sub around Pellagra Point into Claret Cove My comrades, who had been anxiously looking for me raised a hearty cheer I was in a quandary about my borrowed boat until Plasma reassured me

"Don t worry about that he said Just turn her loose and she ll find her way back to Hartsdale Everything does.

"True I recollected "the Red River is part of a circulating system" and [illegible] who dis [illegible] ie Bile) I [illegible] off gayly by herself

It was time to say farewell to Plasma and South Gizzard and

CHAPTER XIII

IN THE NERVE FORESTS OF THE LUMBAR REGION

SAFE in the shelter of the Pulman Passage with the hooting of the Cardiacs dying away in the distance I could at last relax Mooring the sub to a convenient nodule I slept soundly for four hours I was awakened by a sharp slap against the boat s side The *adjacent stream was alive with gastroids or tum fish splendid* puffy fellows They are of course no match for the phagocyte in size or speed but they are a gamesome fish all the same It was a *temptation no angler could resist*

I had no tackle but necessity was ever the mother of invention Watching the current I spied a slender floating rib which I hauled in with my boat hook It made an excellent pole resilient and strong Hook and line were improvised from a safety pin which had replaced a button on my step-ins and a piece of string which is inevitably somewhere on my person *String saving is a family trait* with me it is almost a mania Several years ago my Uncle Uric wrote me from Aix la Chapelle where he was taking the cure Never throw away a piece of string even from a bean He would spend a day unraveling obstinate knots in a tangle of twine when he could have bought a mile of it for ten cents At any rate his advice now stood me in good stead

Baiting the pin with a snipping of red necktie which made an attractive lure *I had a rare hour s sport and finally got under way* with as nice a mess of gastroids as you would like to see

I was now running down the valley of the Breastbone At noon I stopped for a sandwich and a glass of milk at Marmola in the heart of the dairy industry *It is a beautiful country that slopes* up to the Grand Tetons a brace of impressive monadnocks on the northern horizon The inhabitants are bucolic Midriffians kindly folk with none of the stand-offishness of the Cardiacs The local government is matriarchal *the control being mainly vested in* members of the Lacteal Sorority Already they were talking about



STALKING THE HEEBY-GEEBY IN THE NERVE FORESTS
OF THE LUMBAR REGION

turn to the next item on our travel menu which was the fascinating one of hunting in the luxuriant nerve-forests of the Lumbar Region. This Nirvana of Nimrods is reached by a short train trip along the Grand Trunk via Dorsal to Synaptic Junction. As a part of this trip many visitors take in the picturesque Trail of the Lonesome Spine (Route 11) that runs from Pelvis to Clavicle Ridge. We will come to that later. Our present business lay in the magnificent Lumbar country, the native habitat of everything wild from embryos and amœbas to — but wait.

Nerve growths are the natural investiture of the Interior. They are found everywhere. Nearly every growing thing is a species of this genus. I have already mentioned the low growing snooty species which we saw in the glade near Cortium. It was hard to believe that the giant hardwoods among which we now stood were of the same family, yet such is the case. Under the favorable conditions of soil in which the roots reach down into the rich bottom lands the brush develops in massive, tangled trees. We have nothing in the outer world quite to compare with its many branched habit. The subdivision goes on and on until the trees have woven a thick roof over the entire region. Under this are dim aisles which are carefully kept clear by the lumberjacks, for the territory has important commercial aspects.

In every well managed Interior the care and upkeep of the nerve forests is given most serious thought. Nerves should never be allowed to run wild. It is amazing how quickly an entire system will go back into primitive bush if constant pruning and trimming are not practiced. I have often stood and watched with admiration the patient lumberjacks tying their neat bundles of nerve twigs with short lengths of spinal cord. These are neatly stacked in the forest corridors to be carted off to Dorsal and the Grand Trunk System. How often we hear a woman say, "I am just a bundle of nerves!" It is probably true, but it is her own fault. Her interior forestry has been neglected. Her nerves have got the jump on her. Long ago some one should have taken an ax to her.

On the edge of the forest in and about Synaptic Junction are the establishments of many florists. Numerous nerve forms are highly decorative creations with fantastic blooms and weird fruits. Not a few are parasitic and cling like orchids to the trunks of the larger trees. They have no reason for being other than that they

We had only gone a few hundred yards further when all hands came instinctively to a stop The dypsus stretched his head forward and shot his eyes out to their full length Over us all spread a queasy qualm of growing intensity for from some not distant point came a ghoulish twittering that splintered the gray twilight, mocking murderous mad.

I have heard loons on the northern lakes, screech owls in the New England woods coyotes on the lone prairee and the mourning note of the Javanese whamboa, "whose cry," says Dr William Beebee "is like your best friend cutting his throat in the lower berth." But never have I ever listened to anything so demoniacal so blood-curdling so unspeakably silly as that which now assailed us. My blood turned to jellied consommé My friends it was horrible looked like Central Park statuary!

"That's him, whispered our guide, deftly whipping a cartilage bridle on the dypsus, who sensing the situation, crouched like a sprinter on the mark. I slid on his back, grasped his dorsal pommel horn with one hand while in the other I took the hair rope lariat offered by my guide Before I had time to think of what next, we were off!

I thought I had developed speed the day I soft-soaped my sled on the Cresta Run but compared with what I made now I might have been tied to a pine tree The forest about me was reduced to a fuzz. There was no need to steer my mount. He was taking care of that department. And ever the crazy chattering "wha hee ti ti-bah " rang in my ears Then swooping around a dense clump of gristle we were upon them!

I had no time to observe details but I knew I was in the presence of two authentic monsters of the loathsome type that is born in the dregs of a Dutch painter's diseased brain. With an ear splitting cackle like the collapse of a greenhouse they flew upward toward the nerve buds on which they feed. But five years on the Broken Knuckle Ranch had not been without their benefit. My rope nestled around the neck of the larger of the pair, the male, as it turned out. Instantly the dypsus reversed his feet and we shot backward. I was almost unseated but the pommel horn saved me. It was all over in an instant With a revolting strangulating yelp the slithering bulk of the heeby-geeby toppled to the forest floor while his mate fled squealing through the twigs.

are ornamental and fashionable. Also expensive. But it is the hunting that brings most visitors to this part of the Interior.

The true foresters or woodsmen are the Nervii, mentioned by Cæsar in his "Invasion of the Gallbladder." They are a race apart from the humble lumbarjacks whom they hold in considerable unmerited contempt. The Nervii are trappers, guides and hunters of extraordinary skill. Years of life among all sorts of nerves have developed their faculties amazingly. They move with feline grace and swiftness. Only by their guidance could we have successfully stalked and captured a specimen of that most elusive of all quarries, the pink-eyed heeby-geeby.

I was most anxious to get one of these creatures alive to put in Dr. Traprock's interesting, "Menagerie of Living Wildings, Old and New," at Derby, Conn., later destined for Yale University. My old friend has, he says, often seen heeby-geebies but has never been able to catch one.

"If you want to take him alive you'll likely have to rope him," the guide informed us, a leathery Nervus who reminded me of both Calvin Coolidge and Will Rogers. "Get set for a hike, gentlemen."

For hours we trudged the forest glades, our feet falling noiselessly on the nerve needles. Through the matted branches flitted strange creatures, flabby embryos, horrid formless birds with a disgusting note like the fall of a cream-puff on a concrete walk. Bright jewel-like nuclei shot through the intricately patterned sky. The forest grew wilder about us, the glades less tended. Suddenly our leader raised a warning hand. Into the aisle stepped a dypsus, the dignified ostrich of the inner-world. Breeding true to type, his feathers also grow on the inside. He is literally full of feathers. His shin bone fits into a slot in which it slides the length of his foot so that he can reverse his direction without changing his stride. If he had not this peculiarity the heeby-geebies would get him sure; as it is, he not infrequently gets them. Also, he is easily domesticated.

Our guide called him. "Here, Dyppy, dyppy, dyppy. . ."

The graceful creature arched his neck and came alongside, allowing us to stroke his leathery scales while he snapped at some motto-lozenges which I always carry in my hunting suit. All birds . . . and many human beings . . . love them.

We had only gone a few hundred yards further when all hands came instinctively to a stop The dypsus stretched his head forward and shot his eyes out to their full length Over us all spread a queasy qualm of growing intensity for from some not distant point came a ghoulish twittering that splintered the gray twilight, mocking murderous mad.

I have heard loons on the northern lakes, screech owls in the New England woods coyotes on the lone prai ree and the mourning note of the Javanese whamboa, "whose cry," says Dr. William Beebee, 'is like your best friend cutting his throat in the lower berth But never have I ever listened to anything so demoniacal, so blood-curdling, so unspeakably silly as that which now assailed us My blood turned to jellied consommé My friends it was horrible looked like Central Park statuary!

"That's him," whispered our guide, deftly whipping a cartilage bridle on the dypsus who sensing the situation, crouched like a sprinter on the mark. I slid on his back, grasped his dorsal pommel horn with one hand while in the other I took the hair rope lanat offered by my guide Before I had time to think of what next, we were off!

I thought I had developed speed the day I soft-soaped my sled on the Cresta Run but compared with what I made now I might have been tied to a pine tree The forest about me was reduced to a *fuzz*. There was no need to steer my mount He was taking care *of that* department. And ever the crazy chattering "wha hee u u bah " rang in my ears Then, swooping around a dense clump of gristle we were upon them!

I had no time to observe details but I knew I was in the presence of two authentic monsters of the loathsome type that is born in the dregs of a Dutch painter's diseased brain With an ear splitting cackle like the collapse of a greenhouse they flew upward toward the nerve buds on which they feed But five years on the Broken *Knuckle* Ranch had not been without their benefit. My rope nestled around the neck of the larger of the pair the male, as it turned out Instantly the dypsus reversed his feet and we shot backward. I was almost unseated but the pommel horn saved me It was all over in an *instant* With a revolting strangulating yelp the slithering bulk of the heeby-geeby toppled to the forest floor while his mate fled squealing through the twigs



MY ROPE NESTLED AROUND THE NECK OF THE LARGER OF THE PAIR

Panting I stood over my kill I could not bear to look at him The gila monster or saw toothed backscratcher of New Mexico would be given a beauty prize in competition with what lay be*fore me I will not attempt to describe him There are limits* beyond which no naturalist, if he be also a humanist, will permit himself to go To quote once more my companion on many a trip, Will Beebee, *There are things within us all that are better left* there"

I am told that we all harbor herds of heeby geebies ready to appear when conditions and we ourselves are ripe That we may all remain permanently immature is my fervent prayer

CHAPTER XIV

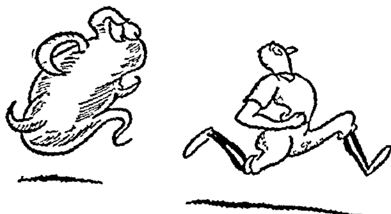
WE MEET THE GREAT OMENTUM

The transportation of a live heeby-geeby in a small collapsible rubber boat is not a thing to be undertaken lightly I turned this entire matter over to my guide who shortly came up with the rest of the party They were jubilant at my success Not the least pleased was the dypsus who arched his neck and swallowed lozenges enthusiastically

"I ll see that he is delivered all right said the Nervus after we had hog tied my prey with the lariat We turned back toward the Junction the homeward trip being enlivened by an amusing incident Our ornithologist an inveterate rover had strayed into the woods looking for embryo eggs Instead he stumbled on an amœba s nest in which the mother was brooding over some two hundred young as who would not? During this phase of their prolific family life the amœba is not to be trifled with not that she is dangerous but she can be distinctly unpleasant As my friend poked among the gristle bushes the enraged parent suddenly flew up and wrapped her gelatinous form about his face While her young are infants the amœba runs a very high temperature which is true of most mothers To receive an angry adult amœba full in the face is like being struck without warning by a flying hot towel and the hot towel even when one is prepared for it is disagreeable enough

We heard him crashing through the woods and a moment later he burst into view the picture of panic with the amœba still after him At the sight of the dypsus the creature whisked out of sight flattening herself against a nerve trunk where she imitated a fungus a common trick of theirs the guide told us

While we were still at the Junction we decided *to run down* the Lonesome Spine Trail far enough to have a look at the famous Spinal Column Fully to appreciate the magnitude of this monument one should really go down to the base at Coccyx but we felt



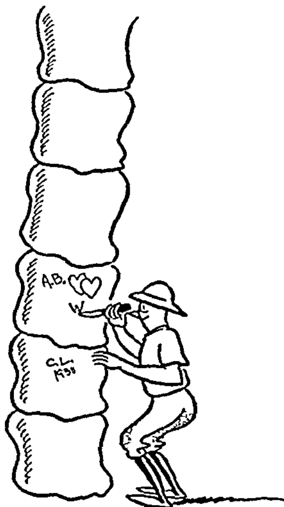
OUR ORNITHOLOGIST IS PURSUED BY AN ENRAGED AMOEBA

that this must be reserved until later in our southern trek On a clear day there is a fine view from Dorsal where one is near enough to see some of the detail of the distinctly Mayan architecture The superimposed courses of masonry are sculptured into vigorous contours Ridges and projecting ears form excellent footholds for climbing and far above us we could see several adventurous parties scaling the dizzy levels Horn and Hardart in their authoritative The Spine and Why say What we call the creeps running up and down our spines is caused by active climbers of the Interior shinnying up and down our skeletal ridgepole

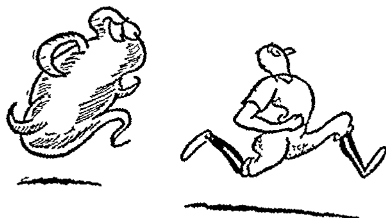
The Column like those which honor Pompey in Rome and Nelson in London by no means receives its due respect from the visiting public Visitors chip off pieces for souvenirs and otherwise desecrate it I caught our camera man carving his initials in one of the blocks for which I severely reprimanded him

The Column is hollow and contains important pipe and telegraph lines There has been talk of installing an express elevator from Pelvis or Coccyx to the Summit House at Cervex The Otis Company has already submitted estimates with a layout but due to the slump in the market the matter has been left in abeyance

During my recent trip I noticed this same conservative spirit throughout the Interior The luxuries have been most hard hit For instance a number of owners who had thought of putting in new pipe organs have delayed action pending an improvement in



HE INSISTED ON CARVING HIS INITIALS ON THE SPINAL COLUMN



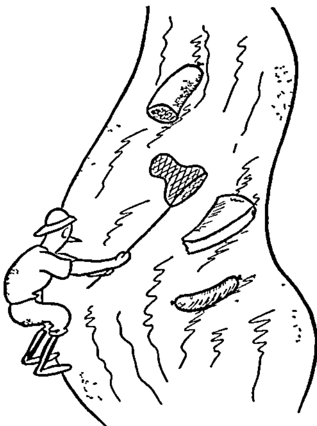
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I RESCUED A LITTLE HOT DOG THAT WAS BRAVELY BATTLING THE CURRENT

And then as we drifted into the calmer widening waters of the mighty Bay of Fundus the glory of the Interior burst upon us We were in the Crimson Grotto!

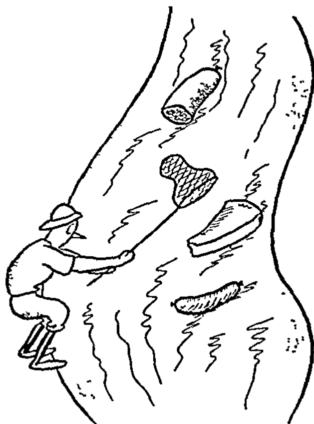
If I were to award the palm to any single feature of this gorgeous trip this surely must be it. Let me quote just a line or two from "Dans Nos Dedans," by the French scientists Barton and Guestier

general conditions New construction and bridge work in the Molars is practically at a standstill Few operators feel that they can do more than make the absolutely necessary repairs In general however business in the Interior is healthy goods are moving along nicely *and I personally look for distinctly bullish developments* before the end of the year But to turn from these economic reflections put a star opposite the Spinal Column Don t miss seeing it if you have the chance

A day later after chugging back to the Canal we reembarked in the *Rubber Duck* waved a final farewell to Plasma to whom I had become genuinely attached and proceeded on our way over the placid waters of the Old Alimentary *It was good to be afloat again after our days in the Spinewoods good to lie back* on our cushions and take in the busy useful life of the great waterway The slow moving boluses blocked the traffic considerably but we were in no hurry *On the contrary it was rather fun to loaf along and listen to the bolus captains sling each other in approved* billingsgate Everywhere the appearance of our party caused enthusiasm The down stream trip was a royal progress

The temperature was rising appreciably as we went South and a tropic character *was beginning to creep into the landscape* A few miles further on the Canal widened and we came in sight of the busy city of Gastritis the Scientific City as a sign beside the *Canal informed us From the hundreds of conical retorts chimneys filled the air with the acrid smell of boiling gastric juice the distilling of which is the staple industry of the district It is derived in* large part from the gastroids those succulent fish to which I have already given considerable space *The whole neighborhood has that ancient and fishlike smell which still hangs over the old whaling towns of New Bedford and Gloucester Unlike them however* Gastritis is still in its heyday New methods are being introduced *for it has been discovered that the precious juice exists in practically everything that finds its way into the Canal*

Many bits of provender are jostled from the bolus loads and one of our favorite amusements was snaring choice additions to our larder as they floated jauntily by In an hour of this sport I rescued a little hot-dog *that was bravely battling the current* and a moment later a wedge of cocoanut pie almost as good as new swam *into my net*



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If I were to award the palm to any single feature of this gorgeous trip this surely must be it Let me quote just a line or two from "Dans Nos Dedans" by the French scientists Barton and Guestier

"Le Salon Rouge de l'Estomac est sans doute une des merveilles du monde intérieur, ayant la beauté éclatante d'une boite à bijoux follement élargie"

It is no more than the truth 'A jewel box' was all that I could think of Jewels gleamed all about us The curving walls were studded with pigeon's blood rubies gray green cat's eyes, purple-veined carnelians and bile green beryls From the domed ceiling hung long stalactites in gorgeous colors and fantastic shapes From some of these exuded crystalline drops of lime in solution secreted from the living roof which supported them Branching off from the main grotto as in the Endless Caverns of Virginia were many folds, flaps, bays and indentations in which the waters gleamed with the facets of millions of rock salt crystals, barnacles and *highly enameled muscles It was a picture no artist could* paint I tried it on another day but could make almost nothing of it It is one of those amazing scenes like the Grand Canyon that artists should let alone

Across the bay, beyond the Grotto, lay the stately Peritoneum the palace of the Great Omentum who holds this opulent land in fee Our driver on the trip to Epiglottis had likened him, I recalled, to the Hoyo de Monterey He is like the Hoyo but he also has much in common with the Sanjak of Novi Bazar whom I met in Versailles at the Peace Conference He has the power of one and the affability of the other Truly great is the Great Omentum More power to him

His attendants welcomed us at the watergate After we had cleaned up a bit we were presented in a simple ceremony that took place in the Throne Room The Omentum is a red bearded patriarch, who, when he met us was almost gay But he has the mutability of his color and can change to severity in an instant We had been put through a purely formal search for emetics and soap both of which are contraband and the ruler joshed us pleasantly regarding the incident A suite in the Peritoneum was allotted to us to be our home while we took in some of the absorbing side trips that lie near this important focal point

That evening after dinner having courteously asked if we were not too tired the Omentum staged a short dramatic bit for our benefit The piece was one rumors of which reached the outer world several years ago when there was talk of putting it on

Broadway It was a sort of allegory and was entitled The Strug gle." The unities were strictly observed and it is really a remark ably fine piece of dramatic construction with something Greek in the impending doom that hangs over the hero But the play s the thing

The scene designated on the program as 'The Salle de Re- ception in the Interior of a Man About Town showed a room richly furnished and draped with wine-colored hangings crimson carpet and purple overstuffed chairs with an occasional note of saffron Back-stage at the left rose a spiral stair also carpeted in velvet Other than this the room showed no openings A few bibe- lots ivory nudes and choice bits of erotica showed the apartment to be the lounging room of a discriminating collector

As the curtain rose the sole occupant of the room was seen to be the hero Gastric Juice a manly young fellow in the full vigor of life Although the hero of the piece he is still in a relatively menial position being the valet and caretaker of the premises In a short soliloquy he explains that it is his duty to watch the prem ises carefully to prevent burglary etc Picking up a book he reads

An instant later soft footsteps are heard on the stairway down which creeps the first assassin Count Martini The Count in yellow satin is all smiles and suavity but Gastric Juice at once suspects his sinister purposes and taking matters into his own hands suddenly attacks him! The struggle is a short one Martini almost inanimate is thrown into a corner Gastric resumes his read ing keeping a watchful eye on the stairway The end *is not yet*

New

ery

Juic *battle* is instantly on De la Newburgh tries to foul our hero with a fish fork he has concealed in his doublet but youth and clean living have their way at last The second assassin drops his fork and is stretched beside the unconscious Martini

Another interim during which the depleted hero tries des- perately to recuperate He becomes calmer reads and nods over his book. Down the stairway on velvet tread creeps a sinister figure It is the Welsh Rabbit ace of the underworld!! Creeping up behind the drowsy hero the Rabbit grips him by the wind pipe This time there *is no escape* Gastric puts up a gallant fight

but it is his last effort Weakened as he is by the two previous encounters he suddenly goes limp It is over The Rabbit hops to the recumbent forms of Martini and de la Newburgh He shakes them slaps them smartly As their brains clear they stagger to their feet then sensing the situation they join hands with wild yells of triumph and dance over the prostrate body As the curtain falls like witches at midnight they rush up the spiral staircase together

It was a gripping a heart rending thing The pallid upturned face of the boy amid those gory surroundings his wonderful struggle I felt tears on my cheek I was grateful to the Omentum for not turning on the lights too soon I had been through it all so often myself

CHAPTER XV

INTO THE KIDNEYS IN A BIG WAY

One of the things distinctly to be done in the neighborhood of the Peritoneum is the trip into the Kidney country where lie the great quarries which supply practically all of the building and road material of the Interior

It is a grandiose land, molded by Nature into noble forms Two massive drumlins of reddish brown clay—East and West Kidney—are the outstanding features of the district These are capped by picturesque ranges of conical peaks known, respectively, as the Pyramids of Malpighi and the Pyramids of Ferrein, thus honoring in their names two of the early explorers who went into the Kidneys in a big way Up to this time they had hardly been opened up and what these men went through I hate to think of The country is magnificently watered with many fine streams of which the most important is the Hilus which feeds the enormous reservoir of Bladivostok

Dotted all through the territory are small townships each bearing the family name as do the Hamptons on Long Island North and South Kidney are charming villages, but perhaps the most ingratiating of all is Old Kidney or the Center as it is called by the natives From this quaint spot in the valley between the East and West uplands one commands a panorama of the pyramidal ranges and of the swift flowing Hilus whose golden stream winds southward toward the reservoir On a clear day it is a magnificent prospect Unfortunately this is a cloudy country Like the Laurentians in Canada or the English lake country, the rainfall is immoderate and one should never be without an umbrella and a stout mackintosh

Near every village is one of the big quarries which are the mainstay of the region Geologically gallstone is a traprock, but warmer in color than that found in the Connecticut hills Apparently the supply is inexhaustible The theory that this valuable

material is constantly forming seems more than probable. Be that as it may, the process of removing it from its natural bed is enormously lucrative. The net profits of the Kidney Quarries Corporation for last year were well over a million dollars. Many shareholders in the outer world, if their tax-returns were not the masterpieces of fiction they usually are, would bear me out in this.

The quarries go deep down into the subsoil with no apparent diminution in quality or quantity. The company has been at it for so many years that everything has been developed to the highest possible pitch. Naturally the roads are the best in the Interior, being magnificently graded and banked so that your car practically *steers itself.*

During our visit we swung round the spectacular Henle Loop, the Horse-shoe Curve of the Kidneys, from which we looked down into the two main quarries at East and West Kidney, high up in the Malpighis and Ferreins. We saw them at the end of the day shift. Hundreds of workmen were climbing up the thread-like ladders from the lower levels while the night crew stood waiting to descend, their yellow slickers and sou'westers gleaming in the late sunlight. It was a colorful picture of incessant industry for, like so many other plants in the Interior, the quarries never shut down. I say never; there are cessations sometimes, due to strikes among the men, or breakdowns in the system. Such interruptions call for prompt and vigorous action on the part of the Company and the governmental agencies of the Department of the Interior. Every organization that can help does its bit to straighten out the difficulties so that production can be resumed. The Water Company rushes its experts to the scene of trouble; the Reservoir Officials wire from Bladivostok to say that they will keep open nights if it will help; the local Chambers of Commerce hold special sittings. Every one is active in trying to make good the proud slogan of the corporation, *"The Kidneys Carry On."*

The quarry worker's life is not an easy one. Due to the character of the rock much of the power employed is hydraulic. Picks, chisels, saws and drills are used and in rare instances of obstinate ledge, blasting is resorted to This, however, is too dangerous except as a last resort. We were told of a blast set off without the proper blanketing that smashed a hole in the Bladivostok Reservoir wall. In the outrushing flood that followed Bladivostok col-

lapsed like a punctured balloon and five river towns along the Upper Colon were wiped out.

Most of the quarryman's eight hour shift is spent mucking about hip-deep in water. He is constantly showered by the splashing force of the piping system to which must be added the natural precipitation of the elements. Always he must be on the alert for rock slides, due to the presence of loose materials, chalk, gravel, etc., in the veins of the quarry, and woe betide him if he gets caught in one of the main sluices when the gate is opened and the workings are periodically rushed down river!

The main power supply line takes off from our old friend the Aorta. After piercing the mountain wall at North Kidney a portion of it is by-passed through a huge reducing valve, the operation of which is a man's-sized job. From this point the web of pipe-lines, ducts, tunnels, sluices, screening stations, irrigation ditches and natural watercourses spreads all through this damp industrious land. Small wonder that rheumatism is rife and that many of the older workers are as gnarled and knotted as pretzels.

It is in the Kidney Country that the failure of the Eighteenth Amendment to operate beneficially is particularly in evidence. Elsewhere throughout the circulatory and traffic-bearing system there is doubtless an enormous amount of bootlegging. My friend the Chief Larynx at the Oesophagus — Gus, as I always call him — as well as the Customs Officials at Thorax, had spoken despairingly of doing anything to prevent the flow of illicit liquor. "Most of the lock keepers are bribed," they told me. "What can we do about it?"

But in the larger cities along the Canal this clandestine commerce is hardly noticeable, concealed as it is by the bulk of legitimate business. Bolus-loads of fresh vegetables, meats, fruits and breadstuffs are frequently mere camouflage for shipments of pseudo Scotch, synthetic gin and bogus Baccardi. A large part of these shipments invariably finds its way into the Kidneys. Here the absorption is frankly in defiance of the Constitution. Their attitude, like that of the state of Connecticut, is "What is the Constitution between Kidneys?" They are a law unto themselves and neither Bishop Cannon nor Mr. Volstead can tell them what to do. They will take what they can get and make the best of it. "*The Kidneys Carry On!*"

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It was well that we should turn in and rest for before us lay three strenuous days The Annual Get together and Pow wow of the Pancreatic League was to start on the morrow

Deplorably perhaps this sentiment is most frankly expresse by the more cultured and intelligent classes the quarry owners and officers who openly flout all artificial restrictions In conse quence Society as one meets it in the salons of the best people i brilliant but not without a surface quality as hard and bright a enamel

The situation with the working classes the quarry men the puddlers sluicers gate keepers and others is distinctly worse Un able to buy the higher priced beverages they have recourse to the distillations and home brews manufactured by the hairy moun taineers of the Malpighis and Ferreins In these fastnesses hun dreds of stills and mash kettles are constantly bubbling and the upper valleys are rich with the aroma of apple juniper and grape The operators of these retorts are a tough lot who think nothing of tipping a ton of gallstone over on an ambushed revenue officer The Corporation has given up trying to do anything with them At the slightest sign of coercion they turn to sabotage wrecking a sluice pulling off a rock slide or by passing masses of gravel and silt into the wrong main In their own naive words this is called making a complaint

'These Kidney complaints give me a backache said the quarry manager at East Kidney I am fed up with them I no ticed the same conditions in the Lumbar Region where the Nervii of the back country get almost nothing but wood alcohol that makes them as jumpy as grasshoppers

Except for these occasional kick ups life in the Kidneys goes on peacefully and prosperously Exports are large the balance of trade being very much in favor of the district A unique by product of local industry is the polishing and setting of bright veined gall stone chips in crude but effective jewelry not unlike the work of our own Hopi and Navaho Indians On every village street dotted among the gas stations refreshment booths business buildings and speakeasies one sees the bright window displays of these native craftsmen On our return to the Peritoneum I presented the Great Omentum with a breast pin the finest example I had been able to find It contained a large carbuncle surrounded by polished gall stones set in keeley gold He was vastly pleased with it but no more so than were we to get back to dry clothes comfortable beds and a warm fire

One or two have almost entirely abandoned the idea of secrecy feeling that it is not for the best good of the community that it is undemocratic that it gives the individual who does not make a gland an inferiority complex that it is plain silly and so on. The Thyroids for instance have opened up their house and welcome visitors even ladies unreservedly retaining of the old order only their regular Tuesday night lodge meeting On the other hand the Adrenalins are as secretive as ever Little or nothing is known of their purposes or accomplishments Their monasteries lie in the inaccessible ranges of the upper Kidneys Like the monks of Mount Athos they lead quiet sequestered lives far from civilization Once a year however with all the other orders they journey down to the Bay of Fundus for the Annual Get together This as I think I have mentioned begins on the first Tuesday after the first Monday after Labor Day

The first of the three days program dawned fair and warmer ideal convention weather After our wet week in the Kidneys it was a joy to stand in the warm sun and watch the arrival of the different delegations. All through the night we heard the rumble of specials along the Grand Trunk and the tooting of vessels from the Canal which had been specially cleared for the visitors Now they thronged up the steps of the Peritoneum waving their Gland flags, giving their cheers, and wearing their individual fezzes shakos and berets. Thus they passed into the huge auditorium which is about the size of the Yale Bowl.

The first meeting on the program is very properly marked by impressive solemnity We were fortunate in having fine seats in the visitors gallery from which we viewed this and subsequent ceremonies. When all the Glands were seated and the doors closed the blare of Eustachian tubes and the roll of tympani announced the entrance of the Great Omentum. He was dressed in his most gorgeous robes of gold-embroidered membrane and I was frankly tickled to death to see that he wore my brooch on h[illegible]
Ex[illegible]
it[illegible]
I[illegible]

As his voice sank to a dramatic close the delegates, fifty thousand strong accompanied by the Great Organ burst into the Sacroileac or Hymn to St. Pancreas. This is a gorgeous anthem

CHAPTER XVI

GREAT DOINGS IN THE PERITONEUM

THE origin of the Pancreatic League is shrouded in the mists of antiquity Legend associates its formation with the formidable figure of St Pancreas an early missionary into the Interior whose life was spent in good works along the Canal which was then being built The country was then little known and rarely explored Pancreas is said to have met the people on equal terms and to have entered fearlessly the lowest dives and toughest joints in his neighborhood Stone and Webster in their recently published The Real St Pancreas identify him with the Egyptian god Osmosis the secretive one thu throwing the date of his birth back much earlier than is conceded by other authorities

In any case about him and his memory grew the Pancreatic Gland (compare the Caledonian clan or sept) a monastic celibate order of which the rites were inviolably secret which is one for Stone and Webster He was canonized in 1508 by Pope Urbane the Pleasant Gradually similar glands were formed in other parts of the Interior Like the monkish orders of Christendom with which they were contemporaneous each group represented some special ideal of community service All aimed to work for the common good and they have remained reasonably true to this ideal up to the present time

Secrecy is still characteristic of most of the orders although some do not keep their secrets as well as others This is not entirely their fault The pitiless publicity of modern times is against them A secret held is a secret to be gained and for many years a number of the Glands have been pestered with investigations on the part of research workers and hordes of mere curiosity seekers Charges have been brought against some of the orders The Medullans with their main priory at Braintree have been accused of communistic teachings Scandals have been hinted in regard to the Prostatians in the South Nearly all have come in for examination of one sort or another

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dating from the middle-ages, its Gregorian severity being reminiscent of Scarlatti's famous "Nux Vomica Dolorosa."

With the withdrawal of the Omentum there was a general relaxation. Then, under the guidance of the President of the League, annual reports were read by the secretaries of the various Glands. A pleasant incident was the hearty applause that greeted the few words of Mme. Du Lait of the Lacteal Gland, who had journeyed all the way from the main priory at Brest. I had missed seeing her by one day when I passed through Marmola on my way South. The President, who is elected for life whether he is any good or not, then delivered his annual report, after which the Great Omentum, who had been listening in behind velvet curtains, was again ushered in to bestow the Endocardium or blessing, and the formal opening of the Convention was over.

I will not try to describe in detail the events that followed except to mention a few of the more picturesque features. In general all business was transacted in the morning, when sittings of special committees were held, papers read and addresses delivered. This left the afternoons and evenings free for recreation and social gatherings. During the daylight hours there were motor rides in the hills, fishing and bathing in the Canal and Bay, boat rides and all manner of games and sports. A ball game between picked teams from the Thyroids and Medullans occasioned much hilarious fun, as did the water-sports in which the Salivarians and Sudorians excelled.

The real high spot of the program was the colorful pageant which always marks the final afternoon of the Get-together. This is called "The Gathering of the Glands" and is not unlike the impressive "Massing of the Colors" as practiced by military organizations.

Luncheon was served *al fresco*, and also *table d'hôte* for those who preferred, on the terrace of the Peritoneum Below us the broad Plaza lay empty and expectant. Suddenly from the four corners came the silvery notes of Eustachian tubes. On the instant the President of the League, who was to lead the Grand Cortège, appeared on the main axis.

Following a platoon of the palace guard, the Peritonini, who are tremendously popular with the people, came the officers of the League on a float. They were grouped about the feet of a gigantic

statue of St. Pancreas who was shown in the act of converting the heathen his right hand raised in the gesture of the Endocardium his left holding a sweetbread the symbol of his sainthood

Next in order was a magnificent band of one hundred and twenty pieces playing the stirring "The Calomels are Coming" followed by the Brothers of St Pancreas descendants of the founder of the first Gland The other Glands followed playing their special marches and waving their insignia As the Plaza filled it became a scene of riotous color movement and sound Yet the marshal kept excellent order Fascinated we watched the delegates ascend the monumental steps and file once more into the Auditorium.

Following the Brothers of St. Pancreas trooped the Salivarians from the Oral Cavern They too had devised a float that created a great impression Supporting the seated *figure of their patron* Salivarius were four allegorical figures representing Appetite Mastication Digestion and Absorption Piles of fish fruits and other foodstuffs made this exhibit as colorful as a moving market.

Next came the Thyroids very effective in their iodine-brown derbies and cape-coats Among them I spied our old friend the Chief larynx who gave us a wave of recognition The Sudorians from Epidermis came next led by their famous band playing "Sweat Adeline Then to the slow strains of Meet Me at the Wailing Wall" one of the popular blues of the Interior came the Lachrymals who wear black and sing through veils which are supposed to refine the tonal quality of their voices Then in the order named came the Medullans doing the goose-step an old rite reminiscent of the legend that their founder Medullus lived entirely on goose-flesh the Adrenals in jolly orange pea jackets the Prostations with their long spears the white-robed Lacteals and the tall Pituitarians in their funnel shaped helmets This last named order is composed of the tallest men of the Interior rough uncouth fellows with coarse features but tremendously effective as a body They are always chosen as a rear guard for the Pageant

Within the Auditorium where the glandsmen were once more assembled came the impressive ceremony of the dipping of the banners at the foot of the statue of St Pancreas in sign of [illegible]

[illegible]

was [illegible]

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CHAPTER XVII

LOVELY LIVERMORE

INTO the Bay of Fundus at its western extremity empties the greenish yellow volume of the Bile the mighty river that has given its name to the color bile-green an ever popular shade with the young and sprightly The Bile is the main commercial artery of opulent Livermore County the largest territorial division of the Interior surpassing in area even the Pancreatic Provinces subject to the Great Omentum. To this benign ruler Livermore County also pays tribute being controlled although at times rather loosely by his appointee the Duodenum from his headquarters at Pylorus

Livermore the county seat is situated five miles from the Bay of Fundus above the Bile Delta The surrounding country is suave and gentle in striking contrast to the rugged contours of the Kidneys. So too are the inhabitants They are an easy-going sluggish folk who have constantly to be prodded by the authorities in order to get anything done It is a farming territory except for a number of important nitrate plants over which as with the operation of Muscle Shoals there has been much dispute. Representations have been made to the Central Government at Braintree that these plants should be government owned and operated that they constitute a monopoly and that any time the lazy Liverites " as the natives have been scornfully called choose to shut down the plants and declare a holiday the health of the entire Interior is endangered.

The Omentum through his lobbyists while admitting these charges in part points out that precisely similar conditions exist in relation to the oxygen industry in Cardiac County and in the equally impregnable position of Kidney Quarries Inc. These powerful precedents have done much to maintain a hands-off policy and the Omentum has been left to vindicate his states rights or local autonomy principle as best he may This he does as I say through the Duodenum

Dr Voronoff, and the parting Endocardium bestowed by the Omentum, who made his usual dramatic appearance and exit

The formal exercises were over Still remained, however, the Annual Banquet and Dance, the supper on the Terrace . fea tured by the performances of Mlle Trypsin, danseuse-du ventre, and a sailors chorus singing 'O Stimuli O Stimulai,' the laughter, the flirtations, the music, the fireworks set off from the Omentum's yacht, *Floating Kidney*, the calcium flares exploded by the citizens of Gastritis across the Bay, the final good nights good bys, the until next years, the rumble of departing trains the gurgle and swash of boats on the Canal the annual 'Gathering of the Glands' was history, another vivid chapter in the log book of the Pancreatic League

be able to tell them he wouldn t be there They are the joke of the hustling Canal Zone but they go on living their own lives in their slow cultivated way But why say more about them? What I think of them is sufficiently indicated by my having settled among them Temperamentally I am one of them They accept me as such

After leaving the Peritoneum with many fond adieux and promises to return I transported my ship s company under our own power through the devious Delta with a short stop at Liver more for supplies We then made our way through the estuary to the Livermore Lock the largest in the Canal System except that at Pylorus where the Duodenum makes his official residence But of that more anon.

My companions were entranced by the faultless operation of the great gates and control valves which filled the compartments and raised us gently to the level of the main stream Here the flow is barely perceptible. Over a glassy surface we churned northward leaving two long lines from our prow the sides of a blue-green arrowhead that lost themselves among the whispering cilia stalks River tugs passed us towing barge-loads of nitrates to the main line Their captains waved jovially and we replied in kind with toots of our fish horn Back in the hills we could see the smoke of some of the big plants but most of the population seemed to be loafing Some were fishing others bathing but most were merely idling along the shore or napping under the cortex trees

Lotus-land sighed my botanist. Would that I might stay here forever!

You may I said meaningly

He was far from realizing that once in the Interior it is not always so easy to get out nor so easy to stay in for that matter

A few miles further up-river we passed through the Narrows where the Bile contracts and deepens in order to squeeze between two imposing headlands The Highlands at West Point came to mind There was the same spectacular huddling of hills and winding river A fine highway has been sculptured around the face of the western headland Old Liverlip over which we could see a line of motors creeping Half an hour later we rounded Pettenkofer s Point, named after an early explorer Before us nestled along the shore and rising among shaded terraces and formal gardens lay Hepatica the Beautiful!

My friends cries of admiration and delight were turned to

So beautiful is the Lower Bile Valley, and so accessible, that a fashionable summer colony has grown up at Hepatica, fifty miles above Livermore. The town nestles in the arms of beautiful rolling hills. The soil is a rich reddish-brown loam, free from stones and admirable for cultivation. In both physical contour and chemical quality it is strikingly like Monmouth County, N. J., and Chester County, Pa. The golf course at the Hepatica Country Club is recognized as the most perfect in the Interior. It is there that the Interior Open is held every fall. The famous Tenth with its 180-yard carry over a bight of the Bile sends experts into ecstasies and tyros into fits.

Some years ago I became so enamored of this beautiful region that I bought a modest plot and built myself a comfortable villa on the river bank, my "Castle on the River Bile," as my friends waggishly call it. It is far from a castle but perhaps it is true, to quote the words of the old song, that "There I live in elegant style," for it has always been my theory that true elegance and refinement are independent of the size of one's habitation. Circumstances may force one to live, temporarily, in a dog house but one does not necessarily become a dog. Not that my villa is a dog house, either. No, it is a simple dwelling, fitted with all the modern conveniences that the Interior so preëminently supplies, and carefully planned for its special site Comfortable piazzas face the river so that I and my guests may observe the busy boat traffic, for the Bile, by means of two locks, is navigable as far North as Gallbany. I can fish from my own porch and many a flapping gastroid has been hauled from the current just in time to be popped into the frying pan for breakfast.

Week-end parties are enormously popular throughout the County. These begin early on Friday and last well into Monday, which may partly account for the slowing up of industry But to this must be added the inherent lethargy of the Liverite. Save in the fox-hunting counties of Virginia I have never met a society so charming and so casual. There are no foxes in Livermore County, thank Heaven, so even that strenuous sport is lacking

The same leisurely pace is noticeable in the cities Livermore always reminds me of Philadelphia Gallbany is more like Richmond. They are both charming. Your true Liverite always has time for things, or if he hasn't he takes it anyway One of my Gallbany friends told me that he only had a phone in his office so as to

those of wonder at the perfect arrangements of my modest villa Although simple, as I have said, it has that indefinable charm of the Georgian Norman style The tower was my own idea, as my architects, Cram and Fuller, willingly admit It commands extended views of river and hinterland in all directions The principal room is the salon in *style moderne*, it was designed by LeFoie of Paris. Opening from this is the early American pine dining room a replica of that in the old Livermore Mansion at Lyme, Conn. Four master's and two servants' rooms with the last word in plumbing equipment comprise the second floor over which is a delightful roof-garden

The basement is my particular pride for it includes such features as my private yacht landing gun room, garage, shop, chauffeur's quarters rathskeller and bar A trapdoor in the floor of the rathskeller greatly facilitates the delivery of goods from down river I put a lot of time on the plans for this floor and more on the floor after it was finished. Altogether I think I may say that it is an ideal country seat for a gentleman of moderate but sufficient means. "Modesty in all things I say, and my villa is as modest as such an edifice may be and still conform with the standards of the community After all, one owes something to one s environment I have never held with those who, often posing as intellectuals, try to introduce the costumes and manners of peasants or stevedores into an entirely different milieu Feeling as they do they should leave Newport and Hepatica alone and move at once to Provincetown, or any other haunt of raffish Bohemians

There is little danger of an art invasion in Hepatica for it is a colony inhabited entirely by the well to-do Indigents or respectable poor need not apply 'Some communities, one of the elect confidentially told me, 'have no leisure class We have nothing but." Naturally I am in my element

I recall that during one of my visits while the villa was being built, three unfortunate families arrived in a motor bus and tried to establish a tent colony on the banks of the Bile Shortly after this a miniature golf promoter showed up with an eighteen hole course in a pulmotor truck. A morning dawned when they their tents truck, tees bunkers and other impedimenta had completely disappeared. Not a divot remained. I have never known where they went, nor how Nor have I asked. The Liverites have ways of their



MY CASTLE ON THE RIVER BILE

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own of ridding themselves of undesirables In ancient days I have been told, they used to boil them in Bile Now they simply disappear But in the green depths of that same Bile, perhaps, lies the solution of their strange departure .

CHAPTER XVIII

HEPATICA SYMPATICA

The longer we stayed at the "Castle" the more difficult it became to tear ourselves away My botanist had been right when he murmured "Lotus-land.' Never before had I fully realized the charm of this lovely country Two seasons ago I had been in the throes of building and during the previous year I had been paying for it, with all the hideous and seemingly inevitable extras Now all that was past. The villa had taken root. The planting had flourished. All about me was beauty

I put my friends up at the Country Club where they met the cream of Hepatican society They were soon distinctly in the swim. Invitations showered our breakfast table, so much so that as I look back I realize that we were all getting a bit jumpy and fagged.

Shortly after our arrival my old friend, the Baroness Brunner, tendered us a magnificent fête in her gardens at Lieberkuhn Lieberkuhn is a veritable château, as romantically turreted and towered as the imaginings of Maxfield Parrish in his happiest vein. It is built over the famous Crypts of Lieberkuhn, deep wandering caves that burrow for miles back into the hills The Baroness, although well on in years, is incurably romantic. She has had this labyrinth thoroughly renovated, carpeted, furnished and discreetly lighted for the benefit of those amorously inclined. Incense burners spread their exotic atmosphere through the vaulted recesses where comfortable divans invite dalliance and delay It is by far the largest underground petting parlor I have ever seen.

A feature of the fête was an outdoor performance of a jolly farce, "Getting Gertie s Goitre," played by the Thyroid Thespians, an itinerant group of young people who make a summer tour in their own barge along the Canal and its tributaries The leading lady, Mlle. Alveoli a personable blonde, seemed to appreciate my comments on her art, for, lapsing into her native tongue and blushing prettily, she said, *"Ah, mais évidemment, M'sieu, vous connais*

sez vos oignons! In a subsequent stroll through the Crypts I discovered that she did also

Some days later an incident at the Country Club indicated how fortunate we had been in our social receptions and how different it might have been had I not had the entrée A person whose name I later learned was Carter drove up to the entrance in a high powered car out of which he fairly bounced I was standing near the desk where I was buying a cigar for the Baroness We both felt the dynamic and irritating aura of the creature although our backs were toward him He was obviously rich and proud of it a hustling vulgarian such as only a new civilization can produce

A guest card he demanded of the dignified manager

Imagine! He had no member with him no letter of introduction no credentials of any sort The Hepatica Country Club is a holy of holies One must be socially certified as one hundred per cent eligible And this bounder walks in without so much as by your leave and demands a guest card!

'The name is Carter he roared A week will be enough Then turning to us as if we were old friends curse his impudence Nice plant you got here The fellow actually beamed!

I glanced at the Baroness She had gone white but otherwise showed no emotion I could see that she was calling on every ounce of her ancestry She seemed to grow in stature until she towered over the pudgy groundling Then she said with an icy edge that cut me to the marrow You are a pill sir

I shuddered A pill in Livermore County is the ultimate insult Carter must have sensed this for he wilted like yesterday s lettuce A moment later we heard his car roar down the drive The Baroness was trembling I don t think I will smoke now she said refusing the proffered perfecto Order me a double side-car will you please

No further mention was made of Carter We sat down before the hospitable fireplace over which was carved in old English script The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Liver Under the mellowing influence of our side-cars the incident was forgotten It was a long time after that I learned that the man was a member of the last living *nouveau riche* set at Cascara an unimportant town on the Upper Colon

After waiting the proper interval which the Hepaticans ap-

praise to a nicety I gave a dinner of twenty to the inner circle of the élite It was unpretentious and absolutely within my means for of all forms of display food ostentation is the worst There is a hair line of demarcation between a crab and a lobster that few people appreciate My simple menu was perfectly prepared and daintily served. After beet blood soup jellied came hand-caught gastroids split and broiled. I omitted a meat course substituting stuffed papilla eggs with a chiffonade salad of cilia shoots fried marrow and kidney beans If I do say it the salad was a masterpiece

"It's so beautiful the Baroness said that I just hate to eat it!"

She did however

Perhaps because I had prefaced the repast with four rounds of Boola boola cocktails an invention of my undergraduate days, the party certainly went off with a bang

"Is this pre-war? asked pretty Mrs Fissure who sat on my left.

"Yes indeed I assured her The war starts as soon as you drink it.

There was much laughter at this sally and cries for more Boola-boolas After dinner we adjourned to the rathskeller where I fear we were rather noisy The Baroness who had poured a Tom Collins in the piano was crooning to herself "The basses are full the basses are full when my maid Ulna appeared, white-faced, at the head of the stairs

"Somebody come she whispered tragically

In the dead silence that followed I heard a pounding on the door above and a coarse voice shouting "Open in the name of the law!"

My guests looked at me aghast. To have the élite of Hepatica haled before a magistrate brought into a night-court, as if they were a bunch of bums! It was unthinkable.

"We are ruined hissed the Baroness and I detected a venomous glitter in her beady old eyes.

Ah, but the villa was planned for just such emergencies. Moving the hearth rug I quietly raised the trapdoor The *Rubber Duck* lay peacefully at the foot of the ladder We had quite a time with the Baroness but finally managed it. "Once aboard the lugger " she murmured as I stowed her abaft the binnacle. Mrs. Fissure's eyes were gleaming as I gathered her in my arms and car

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CHAPTER XIX

THE SOURCES OF THE BILE

FAR from impairing our social position the incident of our near raid greatly increased the goodwill of all concerned. More than ever we were sought and catered to until had it not been for my forty-odd years of clean living I should certainly have been on the edge of a nervous breakdown

As it was I was frankly fatigued and fed up with adulation Mrs. Fissure s telephone calls for one thing were beginning to be annoying She had a way of saying Guess who this is! that made me see red. Besides, her husband was a good sort. I played golf with him frequently and that sort of thing was not cricket, what? My botanist whom the Baroness had been putting through the Crypts woke up one morning with what he called "the jitters. He said a heeby-geeby had looked over his shoulder while he was shaving and that he would have to get out.

The idea suited all of us and after a busy day of overhauling we stowed our camp-kit aboard and left the villa with Ulna and Ulva the cook, waving their farewells from the tower Inciden tally I had a rather upsetting half hour with Mrs F when I broke the news of our departure She wanted to come with us and I ... file-bags to see that the little minx

... nce more far from the ... a we hauled in close to the left bank under the shade of a weep g sinew where we slept the clock around. I had not realized how completely exhausted we were Our botanist was the worst. "That Baroness!" he kept repeating, mopping his brow Then up anchor and away the hectic memories of Hepatica and its charming society gradually fading We had put on weight and were more or less afflicted with the petulance of podginess but a few days of working ship restored our equilibrium and we began to look forward keenly to the trip I had planned in the bush above Gallbany A glass of the sparkling Bile

ried her down the ladder Half an hour later I had delivered them all at their own landings After a short cruise on the river we returned cautiously to the villa All was still

During our absence Ulna had admitted the revenue agent and given him a bottle of champagne and Heaven knows what else At any rate the fellow had departed after telling Ulna that he had only come to shake us down

telephone booth and heavy with the odor of rotting detritus We felt the creeping power, the dark immensity of this silent, sluggish land, as one feels the menace of the jungle We were mute.

With a shudder of admiration I thought of William Harvey, who fought his way through this dismal region alone, in his courageous and ultimately successful search for the head waters of the Bile. My chart, thanks to his explorations, showed us where we were. He had no guide save his own intrepid intelligence, no compass other than his inspired instinct. Moved, I called a halt and we unlimbered one of the thermos bottles "Boys," I said, when our cups were filled, "to Dr William Harvey"

I recalled too, his references to one of the oddest and least known peoples of the Interior, the Hæmoglobins of whom he says, "I have seen only three of these queer, formless creatures They are undoubtedly the most primitive form of life They have no shape whatever yet, by some mechanism of their own, are able to move rapidly from place to place. They live apart in the dense nerve brush where natives report having witnessed tribal rites, ceremonial dances and sacrificial slaughterings which have no place in a scientific journal." How like Harvey! so reticent and yet so suggestively horrible!

Like a forgotten picture came back the memory of a savage old nurse I once saw at a cottage door in Quinsy, a suburb of Thorax. The infant she was tending was fretful and the irascible crone had screamed at it, "The hæmoglobins will get you if you don t watch out!" The child fell in a paroxysm of terror and was carried wailing into the [illegible]

[illegible]

ble [illegible]

were returning to the river valley A few moments later we stood on a narrow escarpment gazing at one of the wonders of the world, the confluence of the Gall and the Spleen, two mountain torrents that are the real head waters of the Bile. At this point the two volumes unite meeting head-on and after shooting skyward in a stupendous geyser, plunge over a two-hundred foot drop to the gallstone river bed. The very cliff on which we stood vibrated to that mighty impact and colossal fall.

Above the Falls, dimly seen through the mist, was the little village of Blad-Gastein and the big power plant of the Livermore

before breakfast every morning worked wonders for our general well being and we were a cheerful crew when the spires of the little town at the head of navigation broke the horizon

I had timed our arrival for early morning for I number many friends among the hospitable Gallbanians and did not wish either to disturb them or have them disturb me The city was sleeping when we passed through the lock which marks the end of important river traffic Above Gallbany the character of the river changes decisively The Bile becomes a meandering stream with here and there swift flowing shallows possible only for vessels of light draught

At Glisson ten miles further north we ran into an abandoned pier made fast unloaded our tramping outfit pup-tent etc and took to the famous Harvey Trail This section of the Upper Bile valley is a sportsman s paradise quite different in character from the Lumbar Forests It reminded me something of the semi tropical shore line of South Carolina and Georgia From the cilia swamps which grew to a height of ten feet rose clouds of snowy plumed pellicles The air rang with their hysterical laughter which is like the cry of a loon but gayer I have always resented the laugh of a loon He is not laughing with you but at you The pellicle seems to invite you to share his mirth You feel as if you had just told him a funny story and he was appreciating it These lovely birds got us going so that we finally had to shoot three of them in self-defense

The trail at this point leaves the river the banks of which are impenetrable We were now in the dense bush where even at mid day the light is dim and mysterious Here the nerve growths are low being gnarled and knotted into witch like forms Through them flitted foggy forms afoot and awing the peculiar fauna of the locality Lavender breasted neuroses that live only for a day fluttered in the branches bringing back Brielle s plaintive line Gather ye neuroses while ye may Agile hormones the quickest thing afoot except the dypsus scuttled between our legs

Along the banks of the feeder-streams we found beds of soft shelled lobules the fur bearing clam of Pliny s Crustacea He is the most delicious mollusk known to man Pink capillaries left their custard trail across our path or hung in swaying masses from the roof above us The air was as dankly hot as the inside of a

Light Company, the first signs of civilization we had seen since leaving the river Beyond the village the Spleen again divides into the Chyme and the Chyle while the Gall, after flowing through beautiful Lake Gallsworthy, fritters itself away in a multiplicity of streamlets and brooks.

Blad-Gastein marks the furthest north on Harvey's map The Lighting Company, which owns the town, has honored the ex plorer with a tablet set in the wall of the building "Here," says or intends to say . . the inscription, "stood Dr William Harvey, Discoverer of the Head waters of the Bile" Unfortunately the carving was turned over to a local stone-cutter whose mind was not on his work with the result that Dr Harvey is credited with having found the "Head waiters" of the Bile However, few of the natives can read, so little harm is done

The manager of the plant was incredulous when we told him we had come by the old trail "Why, that's been abandoned for years" he said. "I thought it was all grown over" At his suggestion we decided to return by the river route. This we could only do with the assistance of a native We looked dubiously at the rapids, for a wickeder stretch of water I had never met Our boatman handled it superbly Once when the light corpuscle was balanced on the dome of a bowlder, he seized it by the thwarts and actually yanked it up a fraction of an inch, just enough for us to clear and go careening on our way Twice we spun around like a weather vane and I feared the bottom of the corpuscle would be sucked out, but soon the stream widened and we paddled down a beautiful straight away, the portion of river we had missed during our over land trek. Our guide gave us the boat which he could not possibly take back to Blad-Gastein with him. "The Upper Bile is a one-way river," he said.

We were still three days' travel above Gallbany when we made camp on the river bank in the heart of this brooding wilderness, where probably the hand of man had never before set foot. Back of us rose the forest wall, as black as velvet. I had strolled into the woods to stretch my legs after our long day in the corpuscle Stumbling through the underbrush I stopped suddenly, every nerve taut every instinct alert, for to my ears came faintly a curious rhythmic sound

Hæmoglobins!



WE SHOOT THE RAPIDS AT THE CONFLUENCE
OF THE GALL AND THE SPLEEN

Warning thoughts flashed through my brain Caution urged me back to summon my friends but the fear of missing my chance pushed me forward. Inch by inch I felt my way guided by the weird chant. Now I blessed my years in the Canadian wilds With all my woodcraft moving with the noiselessness of an owl s flight it took me half an hour to reach the clearing There I peered through the brush at a sight that froze me cold.

They were Hæmoglobins all right Harvey s reference to their shapelessness was absolutely accurate I could think of nothing but human beings that had melted. There were indications of mem bers, arms, legs and what not but they all ran together Nor were they evenly distributed. One writhing figure that looked like an eclair that had shed its shell had three arms if his slimy tentacles could be so called another had none Some had vague legs others ran down to the ground in a wavering unbroken column Two of them apparently shared one leg Always they seemed on the point of falling yet they never quite did so This rhythmic rising and falling was a part of their dance They kept it up in time with their chanting while they slowly circled about

At times segments of the circle advanced and receded, mopping and mowing They must have made their own music although their embryonic features were indistinguishable Occasionally pairs would embrace and there was something revolting in the way they melted into each other I have seen Chicory Island jellyfish during the mating season do the same thing My hair rose as I thought of being enveloped by one of these ghastly wet blankets A headline in the Livermore *Leader* flashed through my mind "Explorer Found in Bile Valley Asphyxiation Indicated. I saw my body being discovered the subsequent obsequies weeping relatives you know how it is

And then I forgot all this as I watched the dance which seemed to be working up to a climax. The whirling became more rapid the chanting increased in volume and in tempo I was in a trance. I was back in my old dancing-school days in Sterling Hall in Derby where Walt Traprock and I used to raise hob with Nellie Sterling "If those things should ever go in opposite directions they d walk right through each other I thought. The thought must have been father to the act. I know it was entirely involun tary but I suddenly heard my own voice shout Ladies Chain!"



THE DANCE OF THE HEMOGLOBINS

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A SUDDEN SHOWER OF PROTOPLASMS
BURST WITHOUT WARNING

The Hæmoglobins were gone!

Like magic, with a sucking sound, they flatted themselves against the sward and shrank into nothingness. In a panic of terror with the choking feeling that any moment one of them might wrap himself about me, I turned and fled.

My friends were furious.

"Of course you wouldn't let us in on it!" they fumed.

I was too shaken to mind them. I had to think over what I had seen, to be sure that I had really seen it. Fortunately a sudden shower of protoplasms burst without warning and put an end to our wrangling. These molecules of half frozen enzyme form in the higher altitude. A change of temperature precipitates them. To be caught in such a downpour is like being out in a heavy fall of tapioca, which I detest above all things.

CHAPTER XX

AN UPSET IN THE INTERIOR

BACK in Livermore, *we lost no time in getting in touch* with His Excellency, the Duodenum, at Pylorus. We had passed the villa in the late evening and were surprised to see the basement brightly lighted. I steered near enough to peer through a window. *Ulna* and *Ulva* were entertaining friends, quite a merry company of them: chauffeurs from the village, the local constable and the like. I had not the heart to disturb them. 'After all,' I thought, 'girls will be girls, especially when they are maidservants and the Master's away.' Morning found us off the Livermore Light and we went ashore. A short motor drive brought us to Government House where, from his office windows, the Duodenum can keep a watchful *eye on the operation of the Pyloric Gate, as this tremendous* lock is called.

Its importance in relation to the lower units of the Alimentary System cannot be overestimated. Starting at this point the Canal follows the natural beds of two ancient rivers, the Upper and Lower Colon, having their common terminal at the thriving town of Colon sur Mer. As we *sat in the reception room* where the Duodenum's aide had left us, the lines of a great poem came back to me:

> *"In Xanadu did Ottokahn*
> *A stately Hippodrome decree,*
> *Where Alph, the Sacred Flivver, ran*
> *Through caverns measureless to man,*
> *In circles to the sea.*

"In circles to the sea," I repeated. How perfectly the musical phrase described the tortuous windings of the Upper or, as it is sometimes called, the Semi-Colon. Not a mile of this canal unit runs straight and every turn is of the hairpin variety, making

navigation slow and infinitely difficult And yet although it is longer by some two hundred miles than the Colon *Inferieur* it *must still yield the palm* of publicity to the lower reaches of this majestic highway

After an interval which I suspect was prolonged for its moral effect we were shown into the Governor s private office The Duodenum was cordial but I at once detected that he was also very nervous

"The Chief has written to me he said referring to the Great Omentum from whom I suppose he had received confidential ad vices But his voice was gravely confidential gentlemen there are great difficulties Conditions to the south of us are far from normal It is the old trouble gentlemen the trouble that is distressing a large part of the outer world and if I am wrong you will correct me I mean overproduction too much supply and too little demand

You mean I began

Yes he anticipated We have more freight than we can handle This is a sort of clearing station you know I have to route these goods What happens when the consignees don t want them? They lie idle in the Canal The whole system is tied up Look at *these bills* of lading! He shuffled a thick wad of papers from which he read rapidly Bolus *Mary B* 200 tons nitrates for Auerbach *Bolus Speedwell* 180 tons iron ore for Cæcum Disposal Scow No 4 50 tons for Colon He threw up his hands *None of these* people want these things! They have too much on their docks and *in their* warehouses and in the Canal itself Things are at a stand still "

I did want to see the Appendix said my camera man dejectedly *I promised my wife to bring her a picture of it*

The Duodenum *turned* to him eagerly glad I thought of any diversion Don t be *too* disappointed young man he said The Appendix isn t what it used *to be* not by a long shot Of course they still advertise it a lot *down at* Cæcum but Lord! it s the only attraction they've got Of course it s a fairly interesting survival like an Indian mound but it s *overrated* When tourists ask me about it I always advise em to cut it *out*

I was still unwilling to give up this last lap of our trip al though the difficulties I could see were very great

"Don't you think you might sneak us through somehow? I suggested "As fast freight, or something? Aren't there special commodities that have a preference?

He eyed me keenly "I see you know your Alimentary Canal," he said, "and I wish things were as you suggest Why, I ve got three boluses full of the sort of things you mean, figs and prunes and so on, and all marked 'Rush,' and honestly, gentlemen, I can t even get 'em into the *lock*, let alone on their way The captains are furious Some one is holding them up and they blame me" He wrung his hands "I wire the vice-gov down at Rectangle and what kind of an answer do I get? His last telegram wait, I ll read it to you listen to this 'Sit tight and don't worry.' Now I ask you, *does that help me at this end of the line?*"

The poor old fellow was storming up and down the office, getting more and more agitated

"Don't you think you could get us as far down as Ileum?" I wheedled "I did hope my friends could have a glimpse of the Topless Towers"

"It s a shame," he said sadly "I hate to have them miss them And the Posterior Palisades, too ah, there s a pretty sight, at sundown but it simply can't be done"

We rose, dejected

"May I have a word with you alone?" asked our host My friends took the hint and filed into the anteroom Immediately the Governor took a telegram from his pocket which he handed me I read "*On no account allow any visitors beyond Pylorus Conditions serious* O"

"From the Omentum, he said "My friend, I did not wish to *alarm you or the members of your party but as their leader, there* are things you ought to know An uprising is imminent a political uprising, understand? Traffic conditions are not all, though God knows *they are enough, but now we have the dock hands at* Cæcum striking because they have no freight to handle the fools! Those fishmongers up at Gastritis started it They re all reds This morning we had a unit of the Canal all cleared, down Ileum way, and somebody sank a *pile-driver right in the middle of it!* Sabotage . There s an outbreak of *colic* further down the line and we ve had head winds all the way up from Colon by the-Sea"

"*It s unheard of,*" I said.

That s not all Two days ago a cargo of ipecac was smuggled into Gastritis The natives have gone wild plumb loco Unless I miss my guess they re in revolt already I tell you it s a general uprising This isn t going to be any passive resistance not by a jugful.

I had heard enough

"It looks like we beat it I said with an attempt at jocularity

"I guess you better had" he replied in kind and we raised our hands in the mutual Endocardium

I found my friends in a shop near the Gate They were buying postcards of everything to the south of us the Appendix from Cæcum Cæcum from the Appendix the Topless Towers of Ileum the Posterior Palisades the Everglades of the Upper Colon the Cascara Dam Rectangle from the Sea the Elks Club at Colon-sur Mer they had packs of them

"I ll tell the wife I ve seen all this grinned the camera man, but I cut their mirth short with Boys we ve got to get out of this and pronto I have just had words with old Duo-art in there and he s scared blue Things look serious

I gave them a few more details as we hurried to the boat As we ran I could see crowds of gloomy workmen gathered about the Pyloric Gate Suppose they should dynamite that To hell with the Government! I heard one of them say It was bad

If it was bad ashore it was worse afloat As we cleared the Bile breakwater below the Delta and came into the bay we ran into a sickening groundswell that put me right back to my boyhood on the Pacific. A mean wind was rising and winds in the Bay of Fundus have a meanness of their own.

Holy mackerel! look at that sky!" cried our botanist

To the south rising rapidly was a coppery cloud that ate up the landscape Objects that had been visible suddenly disappeared in the saffron murk. Back of us out of the Delta roared a lo... ...ll

... until the full strength of the tempest hit us

As we tore past Gastritis I could see most of the city parading the streets waving red flags and singing the "Internationale The

gale snatched away their pathetic banners and scourged their bearers into alleys and cellars The sea about us was like the inside of a washing machine All we could do was to hang on and try to remember Now I lay me The general uprising was on

Suddenly the whole surface of the bay swelled rounded and finally surged upward with a convulsive sob and on the crest of a tidal wave we were swept irresistibly northward I have vague recollections of a few familiar points the Grotto the lock at the Gizzard Claret Cove as they flashed past in reverse order Then the sheer wall of Adam s Apple loomed over us There was a blinding crash I remember no more

There is little more to tell I came to in the New Haven Hospital where I had been taken after being found on the top of East Rock left there like a Catalina seal by the subsidence of that mighty upheaval My old friend Dr Traprock sat by my bedside He had hurried over from Derby as soon as he had learned of my presence in the hospital For a time I was not allowed to talk Something had gone wrong inside grommet trouble the house doctor said but I soon began to mend Walter came every day, and one morning when the nurse—who was very pretty by the way—had left the room I looked at him inquiringly

Did you ever get the the I hesitated

The old timer beamed The heeby-geeby? Sure! I had him out last night and he sure was full of hell So that was that

My friends reappeared from various parts of the country where they had picked themselves up without knowing how they got there My camera man had sent some pictures to the Omentum and had a nice note from him saying that the uprising had really been a *blessing in disguise* that the damage done had given every one plenty of work the revolution had vanished like smoke and best of all the dam at Cascara had given way so that traffic was moving along as sweet as a rose

It has been a joy to sit evenings on Dr Traprock s terrace overlooking the prune orchard with kindly old Dr Benchley who comes to lighten my convalescence and while we swap stories and scientific data my heart is glad because I know that once more all is quiet along the Alimentary Canal

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